

# Harry Potter and the Veela Life Debt

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## Chapter 1

Merpeople are Supposed to be Nice!

Harry Potter was sleeping in the library after a night of desperate research into breathing underwater. Currently he was tossing and turning as dreams of attractive mermaids danced in his head. Of course he would not sleep much longer, as a house-elf popped into the library. This wasn't an ordinary house-elf, this was Dobby, an elf so thoroughly devoted to Harry Potter that it bordered on insanity. He, of course, had to interrupt Harry's sleep. He started poking Harry. Harry tried to brush him away.

"That hurts - get off - ouch -"

"Harry Potter must wake up, sir!"

"Stop poking me -"

"Dobby must poke Harry Potter, sir, he must wake up!"

Harry slowly opened his eyes, squinting in the morning sun. Dobby, of course, wouldn't stop pestering him, with his annoyingly squeaking voice.

"Harry Potter needs to hurry! The second task starts in ten minutes, and Harry Potter-"

That got him up.

"Ten minutes!"

That didn't stop Dobby.

"Hurry, Harry Potter, you are supposed to be down at the lake with the other champions, sir!"

Harry's heart plummeted through him, he still had no way of completing the task.

"It's too late, Dobby. I'm not doing the task, I don't know how."

"Harry Potter will do the task! Dobby knew Harry had not found the right book, so Dobby did it for him!"

Harry was suspicious, the last time Dobby had done something for him, he had ended up losing all the bones in his arm.

"What? But you don't know what the second task is."

"Dobby knows, sir! Harry Potter has to go into the lake and find his Wheezy-"

Now Harry was just confused, "Find my what?"

"Your Wheezy, the Wheezy who is giving Dobby his sweater."

"Ron?"

"Yes, the thing you miss the most. Here, you must eat this sir, right before you go into the lake, it is being Gillyweed."

"What does it do?"

"It makes Harry Potter breathe underwater."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Quite sure, Dobby heard Professor McGonagall and Professor Moody talking about it in the staff room."

This little fact convinced Harry; he tore through the school, and ran around to the lake, where Cedric, Fleur and Krum were waiting next to the judges table.

"I'm...here..." he panted, skidding to a halt and accidentally splashing Fleur's robes. Fleur turned her nose up in disgust.

A few minutes later, they began. The whistle sounded and Harry removed his shoes and socks before stepping out into the icy lake, chewing and swallowing the Gillyweed. He stood and waited, as the crowd laughed and teased him from above.

Then he suddenly felt like he was suffocating, there was a pain on his neck. He felt large slits below the cold air, gills. So, he dived into the water. As he regained his senses he felt his hands and toes becoming elongated, the water felt comfortable, he felt as good as he did when he was flying. he swam out into the lake, so far that he couldn't see the bottom. As he was swimming, a grindylow grabbed hold of his ankle. He grabbed his wand and fired off a Relashio, to something of a strange affect. Instead of forcing the grindylow to let go it shot a jet of boiling water at them. causing them to let go. He shrugged and moved on. He was now so deep in the lake that he could only see the silt floating alongside.

Suddenly, without warning, Moaning Myrtle appeared in front of him.

"How are you getting on?"

Harry tried to shout, with little success as only a very large bubble appeared in front of him. Myrtle giggled and pointed, "You want to try over there! I won't come with you...I don't like them much, they always chase me when I get to close." This worried Harry, were these merpeople so scary that they actually scared a ghost. But he gave her a thumbs up and swam toward the direction that Myrtle had indicated.

Soon he saw a large rock with paintings of merpeople on it. There was one image of them chasing what looked like the Giant Squid, and another of them throwing spears at bird-like creatures that were throwing fire. Harry followed the mersong to a cluster of stone dwellings, inside of which were greyish beings, with wild green hair, yellow eyes and bad teeth, most definitely not the hot one he had seen on a mural in the prefect's bathroom. They were leering at Harry, pushing along with their fish like tales. He soon approached what appeared to be a village square. There was a giant statue of a merperson, to which Ron, Hermione, and Cho Chang were tied. They were bound by thick slimy ropes. Harry turned to a nearby Merman and tried to borrow his spear. The Merman however was

not interested in helping, and kept looking behind the statue, at a stone table.

Harry scouted around and eventually found a jagged rock, he hacked at the ropes holding Ron until they gave. Ron started drifting, a few inches above the bottom. He looked around, there were no other champions in the area. Where were they? He turned back to Hermione and tried to free her.

Until a bunch of merpeople grabbed him and pulled him way, laughing.

"Take your own hostage, leave the others!"

"No way," Harry replied, or tried to reply. However, only bubbles came out.

"Your task is to retrieve your own friend, leave the others."

"She's my friend too!" Harry attempted to gesture, but to no effect.

However the argument quickly became mute as Cedric swam toward him, using the Bubble-Head charm.

"Get lost, Fleur and Krum are coming now!"

Harry felt an enormous sense of relief as Cedric pulled Cho free and toward the surface.

Then the Merpeople screeched as something monstrous came toward them. Krum, with a shark head. He swam toward Hermione and tried to chop the cords off, however was more in danger of separating her from her arm. Harry gave him the rock, and Victor quickly cut Hermione free, and shot toward the surface.

But this left Harry with two questions, Where was Fleur and where was Fleur's Hostage? He looked around the square at the gathered Merpeople, and then saw that strange stone table again, surrounded by a group of mermen.

He then swam over the merpeople and looked down. Tied to the table was a small girl, no older than eight who seemed to be quite

frightened. She was struggling against the bonds that held her down, as one of the merpeople held a knife to her throat.

Harry shot downward, charging at the merpeople. He fired an Expelliarmus at the merman with the knife, which again resulted in a jet of boiling water. However it put the merman in enough pain to force him to drop the knife. Harry then quickly shot boiling water at the other merpeople, causing them to withdraw. He picked up the knife and cut the girl free. Harry then pulled her back to Ron, while firing more jets of water to keep the merpeople at bay. He grabbed the neck of Ron's robes, took the little girl around the waste and kicked off from the bottom.

It was slow work, and the merpeople, who had scattered after Harry's attack, were regrouping and following him. Harry kept firing jets of water, trying to keep them at bay. As he approached the surface the Gillyweed's effects started ending, he started losing consciousness. He kicked harder, the water was only ten feet above him. He broke the surface, he could here the crowd around him. Harry kept pulling them toward shore. Ron spewed out a huge amount of water and looked around, his eyes finally settling on Fleur's sister.

"What did you bring her for?" Ron asked

"Fleur didn't turn up; they were going to kill her."

"Harry, you prat, you didn't take the song seriously did you?"

"It wasn't the song, Ron, more the fact that they had a knife pointed at her throat."

" Oui, c'est vrai"

Ron looked at her confused, "what?"

She shook her head and kept swimming, with Harry helping her.

They eventually reached the shore and turned around, seeing the Merpeople shaking their fists angrily at Harry. Fleur came running over, but was restrained by Madame Maxine. Fleur shouted, "Gabrielle, is she alright, is she 'urt?"

Harry shouted back, "she's fine!"

Percy came running out to meet them, and helped get them out of the water. Harry and the girl both fell to their knees. Harry turned to Gabrielle and said, "You should go get checked out by Madame Pomfrey"

Gabrielle responded, "oui, mon maître."

Gabrielle was facing Harry kneeling on all fours her head almost touching the ground. To Harry it looked like she was getting air. However, others in the crowd saw things differently. Fleur stopped struggling and became hysterical. Madame Maxine looked at Dumbledore, furious. Dumbledore looked guilty, and very sad.

AN: Please review, thanks to those who have!

## Chapter 2

### Explanations and Paperwork

Harry sighed and slowly pulled himself up off the ground, he turned and saw that Gabrielle was still on the ground. He gently grabbed her arm and pulled her up. Then they walked over to the medical tent where Madame Pomfrey started fussing over them.

"Oh, you poor dears, you must be freezing." She threw blankets over them.

Meanwhile, outside a very heated argument was occurring. The unshakable Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was currently facing down something that scared the crap out of him. A very angry Olympe Maxime, "Dumblydore! Do you have any idea of what you have done! You're foolishness might have condemned that girl to-"

"I am now quickly becoming aware of what is happening Olympe! But, perhaps we should find out what happened first. After Harry receives his scores, we will discuss this in a place with less prying ears."

Madame Maxine nodded. With that, they both entered the tent. Inside they were met with a scene of controlled pandemonium. Both Harry and Gabrielle had steam pouring out of their ears, thanks to some Pepper-up Potion, Hermione was jumping around happily.

"Harry well done!"

Victor noted a "water beetle" in Hermione's hair and quickly removed it. Hermione really paid him no mind though, and quickly turned back to Harry.

"You're well outside the time limit, though, Harry...did it take you ages to find us?"

Dumbledore then entered the conversation, "Yes, Harry, I think we would like to know what happened down there."

Harry quickly recalled the events, Victor and Cedric confirmed the parts about Harry being there first, when Harry got to the part about

Gabrielle, everyone became furious at the merpeople, and Dumbledore had a few questions for Harry.

"Harry, are you sure they were going to kill Gabrielle?"

"Positive."

"Do you think that Gabrielle could have survived without you there?"

"Um, probably not."

Dumbledore sighed and called Hermione to him, he whispered a few instructions in her ear and she ran off to the library. Dumbledore then turned back to Harry.

"Harry, when we're done will you, Gabrielle, Miss Delacour and Madame Maxine join me in my office. The password is Cockroach Clusters."

Harry nodded and left the tent to get his scores. Fleur was standing next to him, smiling and sobbing at the same time. Ludo Bagman then made then announced the scores.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have reached are decision, after a discussion with the champions we have decided to award marks out of fifty points for each of the champions as follows.

Fleur Delacour, though demonstrating excellent use of the Bubble-Head Charm, was attacked by grindylows as she approached her goal, and therefore failed to retrieve her hostage. We award her twenty-five points."

There was polite applause

"I deserve zero," Fleur said through her sobs.

"Cedric Diggory, who also used the Bubble-Head Charm, was first to return with his hostage, though he returned one minute outside of the time limit. We therefore award him forty-seven points."

A lot of applause and cheering followed



"Victor Krum used an incomplete form of transfiguration which was effective and was second to return. We award him forty points."

More polite applause from the crowd.

"Harry Potter used gillyweed to great effect. He returned last, however, the champions and an investigation by Professor Dumbledore and Madame Maxine informs us that Mr. Potter was the first to reach the hostages, and that his delay in his return was due to his determination to return all the hostages to safety, not merely Mr. Weasley. Most of the judges felt that this merits full marks. However his score is forty-five points."

The crowd cheered. After the conclusion of the announcements Harry, Gabrielle, and Fleur marched up to the castle and entered the Headmaster Office. Fawkes flew down to Harry and sat on his shoulder. Harry quickly petted his head before he flew off to Gabrielle's shoulder and started pecking her on the head.

She started laughing, "Hahaha, that chatouilles- hahaha please, arrêter."

Harry turned to Fleur, "Why can she speak English, heck, I'm pretty sure she couldn't understand it until an hour or so ago."

"It is the effects of the bond, 'arry," Fleur said quietly.

"Bond, what bond?"

At this point Dumbledore and Madame Maxine entered the office.

"We will get to that in a moment, Monsieur Potter," she tuned to glare at Dumbledore, "but first, I want to know 'ow the 'ell did this happen."

"I would blame it on Albus Dumbledore sleeping through my class throughout his time as a student in Hogwarts, specifically my lecture on the Veela-Mermish War of 1063."

While Madame Maxine had been ranting, Hermione Granger had entered carrying a stack of books, along with Professor Binns, who was carrying a larger stack of books.

"What do you mean Cuthbert?" Dumbledore asked.

"Albus, I give that lecture to all my first years, It's a classical example of inter-species diplomatic relations."

"And all I thought you talked about was Goblin Rebellions, professor," Harry joked.

Hermione hit him upside the head. "Five points from Gryffindor, Mr. Potter, perhaps this situation will teach you some respect for history," Binns remarked. "I ran through Miss Granger in the library, where she promptly explained what was happening, so I grabbed some books and came up here to lend my expertise."

"Cuthbert, can we get back to how this war affects things today," Dumbledore interrupted.

"Yes, of course. Well, back in 1063 the Merpeople and the Veela both occupied nearby areas in the Slavic Regions of Europe. Until, one day, a few Veela girls were swimming in a lake that just happened to be a Mermish Temple of some sort, and were executed for trespassing. That led to a war between the Veela in the region and the Merpeople. A few hundred died on each side and a truce was made. Both sides agreed that they would never again step into the other's domain, under penalty of death. So, the actions of the Tri-Wizard Commission today, recorded the first violation of this treaty in 932 years. In fact, it's lucky that Mr. Potter had rescued Miss Delacour because if the elder Miss Delacour had done it, not only would we have two dead Veela, we would also have the Veela-Mermish War of 1995 on our hands."

"Thank you, Cuthbert for that explanation. Now, I'm assuming, based on Miss Delacour's reaction that a Life Debt Bond occurred?"

Gabrielle nodded.

Harry was starting to get annoyed, "Will someone please explain to me what is going on!"

Dumbledore cleared his throat and started, "Harry, when you saved Gabrielle from the lake today, you created a Veela Life Debt Bond. This is different from your average Life Debt, such as the one that Peter Pettigrew owes you."

"How is it different?" Harry was getting nervous, in his experience, different was never a good thing.

Fleur jumped in, "Harry, Veela magic is very strong. Gabrielle and I are not quarter-Veela as you might think. there is no such thing as a quarter-Veela, it is a trait passed from generation to generation."

She took a breath before continuing, "Our magic takes Life Debts very seriously. They can only form under a certain set of circumstances."

Dumbledore took over again, "Those circumstances would be that: the Veela must be in actual danger of death, the rescuer must recognize that, and the rescuer's heart must be pure."

"Meaning?"

"Harry, you must 'ave not expected or wanted any reward for you 'elping Gabrielle. So the magic grants you it's own reward, in Gabrielle. The Bond will begin to change her, in to what you want, she is yours, physcally, mentally, spiritually, and...sexually."

"Wait, what do you mean 'she's mine' and seriously, she's what, eight?"

Hermione jumped in, "It means she's your slave Harry, like a house-elf, and I agree she's much too young for any of- that."

"The sexual aspect won't become involved until Gabrielle undergoes the Veela version of, how you say it-"

"Puberty?" Hermione supplied.

"Oui, 'uberty, which I suspect will be accelerated due to her the bond."

Harry took this time to jump back in the conversation, "But, I don't want a slave, how can we remove this bond?"

That statement had the opposite effect to what Harry expected, instead seeing a happy Gabrielle, she started sobbing hysterically.

Fleur went over to comfort her, glaring at Harry. Harry was confused. So Dumbledore explained.

"Harry, if you want, that's your choice, but these bonds are only terminated if the Veela is seen as undesirable. Not only is it a great insult, but it will also punish the Veela in question."

"Punish?"

"She will go insane!" Fleur screamed at him.

Suddenly the situation fully hit Harry. He was now responsible for the life of a young girl. He really had no choice in the matter. He went over to Gabrielle, knelt down, and gently cupped her cheek.

"Gabrielle, I'm sorry, I had no idea that would happen, I would be honored to have you as a-

"Bound companion," Dumbledore interjected.

"Yes, as a bound companion."

Gabrielle looked up and smiled, "Merci, mon Master."

Hermione was furious, "Harry, you're okay with this! This is slavery, this is horrible!"

Dumbledore interrupted her tirade with one of his own, "Miss Granger! This is just simply the way things are. Understand that this bond could not have been undertaken if Harry was not of pure heart. He will treat Gabrielle well," here Dumbledore gave a warning glare to Harry, who nodded, "and later we will discuss your harassment of House-Elves, your reaction to which has disappointed me because it is completely unlike you to go off on a crusade without all the facts, which you clearly do not have!"

"Whoa, someone's channeling McGonagall," Harry muttered. Gabrielle laughed, which Harry thought was strange, because this girl should have no idea what he's talking about.

"Um, just how will this bond affect us?"

"It will not affect you, 'arry. 'Owever, it will make Gabrielle adapt to what you want, she will act 'ow you want her to act, she will gain access to your knowledge, 'ence 'er understanding of your joke. It will cause her to mature faster. She will believe in the same things you believe in, she will be your shadow. She must remain close to you, especially as the bond is forming."

"Define close, do you mean in the same castle, or same living area..."

"You will 'ave to sleep together."

"What! But I thought that, the, um, sex aspects of this thing wouldn't come into effect until later."

"Boy, Potter you certainly seem impatient about that part." Hermione snarked

"Impatient is not the word, I'd use, more like worried," Harry replied.

"I meant in a strictly um, platonique, manner."

Hermione rounded on Fleur, "And how can sleeping together be platonic?"

"Mon sister and I 'ave shared a bed for many years, that is platonic, unless of course you are accusing me of something!"

This burst Hermione's bubble, "No, of course, not."

"Good because there are arrangements to be made and forms to be filled and people to be contacted, Moi Deiu, we still 'aven't told my parents!"

That statement worried Harry even more, what would Gabrielle's parents think of him, they would see him as a pervert and a cradle robber. Gabrielle seemed to sense Harry's feelings because she suddenly hugged him. Harry absentmindedly ran his hand through her hair.

"Well then, first we need to find a place for them to stay. because of the proximity issue the Fourth Year Boy's Dorm is no longer appropriate. Hmm, ah, there are certain dorms available for married

students and students with dependents, I think that after all the paperwork is complete, Harry and Gabrielle would qualify for that."

"Now, paperwork time." Dumbledore threw some powder into his floo and called out for, "Ministère de la Magie, Département pour le Contrôle et le Règlement des Créatures Magiques, Bureau de Liaison Veela."

At this point, Madame Maxine took over. After speaking some rapid French, a young Veela, who looked about Fleur's age stepped out. Madame Maxine introduced her.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Ange Delaterre, the head of the Veela Liaison Office at the French Ministry, she is here to register the life debt bond."

"Excellent, and who is the lucky couple?"

Harry and Gabrielle stood up.

"Well, why am I not surprised, Gabrielle, my darling what did you do?"

"I was 'eld 'ostage by the Merpeople."

"Oh and this lovely gentlemen rescued you, my child."

Harry quirked an eyebrow at this choice of words. Why was this woman talking to Gabrielle like a grandmother? Ange saw this and just laughed.

"Mr. Potter, you really have no idea what so ever of what you're getting into, I'm a lot older than I look. Now let's start with the paperwork" She handed over the sheet, "This first form confirms that a Veela Bond has taken place and gets all your basic information."

Harry filled out the form, putting Privet Drive as his place of permanent residence, as much as he loathe to do so. He handed the form Gabrielle who filled in her information, who then handed it back to Ange.

"Now then, Mr. Potter, this second form confirms you are taking full custody of Gabrielle and that she will now carry the Potter name."

Harry signed the form before handing it to Gabrielle who then signed it, leaving another space for her parents. Ange took the form and remarked, "This form also gives you full emancipation rights, meaning that you can fully access your accounts, enter into contracts, etc. However you are still bound by the Reasonable Decree for Underage Sorcery, unless given a specific override by your government."

She handed over a third form. "This form will transfer any assets and property in Gabrielle's name to your control, it will also give you full durable power of attorney over her, and not that she is now under your full control and will."

"Why do I have to sign this?"

"French and British law mandates that she is now yours, therefore her former property is yours, and that you are responsible for her actions."

"But that's horrible, why should I sign it."

Gabrielle sighed and put her hand on Harry's, "It is okay master, it is the way of things."

Harry sighed and looked at Gabrielle, "Well, if your okay with it, then I am." He reluctantly signed the form. Gabrielle also signed it, again there was a spot blank for her parents.

"Well that does it, I'll send off a copy of the first form to your Being Division today, and I'll leave the other two forms for you to get your parents to sign. Au revior!"

She walked back through the floo to Paris.

Dumbledore clapped his hands together, "Now then, that concludes things, Dobby!"

Dobby appeared, "Mister Dumbly is calling Dobby?"

"Yes, could you get Harry's and Gabrielle's things and move them up into the married quarters in the Gryffindor Dorms please?"

"Certainly, Dobby will get Harry Potter Sir's things and Harry Potter Sir's Gabby's things. and take them to the Married Peoples dorms in Gryffindor." Dobby left.

Dumbledore walked over to the stack of books Hermione had brought up and picked one out.

"This should give you the most relevant data about your bond. I suggest that you peruse it Harry and then let Gabrielle do the same." He then picked up another two books, as well as two from his own collection and gave them to Hermione. "Hermione, I suggest that you peruse those two books on Harry's situation as well as the other two on House-Elves and come back to me so we can discuss it."

She took the books, nodded, and left.

Everyone else took this as their cue to leave and so left. Madame Maxine went back to the carriage and Harry, Gabrielle and Fleur went back to Gryffindor.

Of course, no one noticed that Cuthbert Binns had left some time earlier. He was, after all, just a boring ghost.

-Please Review! Thanks to those who have



## Chapter 3

### Conversations

As Harry walked back to Gryffindor Tower, he considered how thoroughly long and life-changing this day had been. Since this morning he has: been woken up by a crazy house-elf, grew gills, saved his friend, stupidly saved some girl he didn't know. Turns out that girl's a Veela who is now owned by him. He gets emancipated, and gets new quarters, which he is on his way to now.

After reaching the fat lady and giving the password, they entered the common room. The Celebration Party was in full swing; however, miraculously no one seemed to notice them. Dobby appeared on the boy's stairs and led them up to the top of the tower. He opened the door and the group entered.

Harry sighed with relief, "Thank Merlin no one noticed us on our way up here, I really didn't want to face them yet."

Fleur's laugh was like a tinkling of bells, "Do not thank Merlin, 'arry, thank me. Over the years I've become very good at notice-me-not charms."

"Oh, thank you, Fleur."

They all laughed again and started to look around the room.

The sitting area had seating for four and there were four rooms leading off of it. They quickly explored the rest of the suite. The first room seemed to be the Master Bedroom. It had a large king bed and was obviously decked out in Gryffindor colors. There were two nightstands and two dressers. The next room was a bathroom that was connected to the two adjoining rooms. The third room was a smaller bedroom. It only had a double bed and some furnishings. The final room was a study, with a copy of several of the more useful books in the Hogwarts library. There was a desk and a couch. Dobby revealed that the couch could easily be turned into a bed, and the room could be made a guest room.

After they returned to the sitting area, Dobby snapped his fingers and a tray of sandwiches appeared along with a pitcher of water and some glasses, "Mister Dumbly told Dobby that you would probably

like time alone to talk, so Dobby bring you some lunch. Dobby is leaving now."

Harry nodded and thanked him. Dobby, thankfully, left without any sudden breakdown into tears or the like. Harry then sat down in a comfy armchair and sighed, very loudly.

"So let me see if I have this all straight," he points at Gabrielle, "I save you from the lake, and because you were about to die due to some stupid war that took place a thousand years ago, you owe me a life debt, which is different from regular life debts because it creates a bond between us. This bond will change you, turning you into whatever I subconsciously want you to turn into. Did I get that right?"

"Yes, Master, as you can see, within a few hours I have become fluent in English. I feel like I can understand you better than anyone."

"But I don't want some submissive slave. I mean, I appreciate the bond, but I seriously do not want you bowing and scraping all the time, calling me master. Please, call me Harry."

"Harry, The bond recognizes that you don't want a slave. But understand that this bond is meant to reward you for your actions, She will always be submissive to you, Harry. She will follow any command you give her. If you ask her to jump she will ask how high. If you ask her to get your morning tea, she will get it," she choked up here, "If you ask her to kill herself, she will happily throw herself out the window. She will throw herself in front of an Avada Kevadra aimed at you without hesitation. She is wholly and totally devoted to you. You are her life!"

Gabrielle decided to speak, "Harry, I know what you want, I can feel it, I know that you don't want me to die. I could feel your anguish when Fleur mentioned it. But Harry, understand that if you die, I die, literally. My life is connected to yours."

"But, I don't want you to have to live my life, I don't want a shadow, I want you to be your own person. Trust me, you don't want my life! I have been almost killed every year I've been here and just wait until you meet my relatives, you won't hate anyone more in your entire life!"

"Harry, if that's what you want, then that's what I'll be. I'm not going to lose my individuality and who I am because of this bond. It just changes the focus of my life. My connection to you will change me, but only for the better."

"And 'arry, trust me, there will be some times that you will like the bond."

"Huh, what do you mean?"

"Oh, you will know soon enough," she said with a knowing smirk.

Harry sighed, he suddenly realized how tired he was, it was only 1:00 in the afternoon, but he was exhausted. He turned to Fleur, "this has been a really draining day and I think I'm going to take a nap before dinner."

Fleur nodded and stood, "do you want me to contact my parents?"

"If you could, I'd appreciate it."

He then turned to Gabrielle, "Are you tired?"

"Not really."

"Okay, then, um, is there anything you'd like to do?"

Gabrielle thought for a moment, "I could start reading one of those books about the bond, because there are some things I do not understand."

"That seems like a good idea. I'll see you in a few hours," Harry quickly nodded off to sleep.

As Harry was sleeping, Gabrielle worked. First she read through one of the books on the bond, then she went to her room and unpacked the clothing she had brought from home. As she looked at what she had brought, she sighed, Gabrielle had only thought that she would be here for a week, if she was going to stay here longer she would need to send for some of her clothes and other items from home, as she started to make a list, she took her stuffed teddy bear and placed it on her bed

After unpacking what she had brought she headed over to Harry's room. She opened his trunk and pulled out his uniforms, which she promptly hung up in the closet. She found herself rather confused by Harry's other clothing. They were much too big for him. But she set them in the dresser for now. Then, she took out his photo album, Gabrielle had noticed how it was tucked away in the bottom of the trunk, almost reverently, she started looking through it, she saw the pictures of his parents and friends. Gabrielle decided to place it on the bed stand. She placed his broom by the window, because her father had insisted that, "you need to always have an escape plan." She carried his non-school books to the library and filed them away. Harry's Cloak of Invisibility was hung on a hook, within quick reach. After Harry was unpacked she sat down in a lounge chair and watched Harry sleep, before nodding off herself.

A few hours later, there was a knock at the door. Harry blearily opens his eyes, sits up and crosses to the door. He opens it to find Professor McGonagall, who is staring at him in shock

"Mr. Potter!" she screams, "Never have I seen such horrible behavior from a Gryffindor!"

That woke Harry up like a shot of caffeine. But what was she shouting about?

He needn't have worried because she promptly continued, "I can understand that you are in a difficult situation, but how dare you take advantage of a young girl like that!"

"Professor what makes you think- that?"

"Your disheveled appearance, your bloodshot eyes, it's clear that something's been up."

Gabrielle, who was awoken by the Professor's dulcet tones chose to make herself known, "Professor, nothing happened Harry and I were napping, that's all. Harry was very tired after the lake and everything that happened. I read for a while and unpacked everything, then I nodded off too."

"Oh, well in that case, Mr. Potter, I apologize for jumping to conclusions about you. It's just this situation, it's highly unusual. I

came by to make sure you had settled in and ask you how you wanted to settle the issue of telling everyone?"

Harry was thoughtful for a moment, "Perhaps we can make an announcement at breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Well, that what I was thinking, until I ran into the other Miss Delacour on my way up here. Her parents will be visiting tomorrow morning. Harry started getting worried again until Gabrielle ran her hands up and down her shoulder. He calmed down and invited the Deputy Headmistress in.

"Well, how about dinner, tomorrow instead, that will give us enough time."

"Dinner is a good time, it's well attended

"Have you found your accommodations to your liking?"

"Yes, Professor, they're great." Gabrielle nodded in agreement.

"Very well then, I just wanted to see how you are doing, and let you know that my door is always open to you. Will you be coming to dinner?"

"No, professor, it will lead to questions that I don't particularly feel like answering right now. Is there any way we can have dinner here?"

"I'll contact the kitchens and have send up something, do you have any preference?"

"No," then Harry remembered to ask Gabrielle, "Do you have any preferences, Gabrielle?"

Gabrielle was genuinely surprised that Harry wasn't just saying he had no preference, he actually didn't care what he ate, so she asked, "perhaps something light for me, All this British food is going straight to my stomach." Gabrielle was horrified at what she said.

Professor McGonagall noticed this, "Don't worry; we know our cooking is not the best, I visited Paris a few years ago and loved the food." She turned to leave, and then stopped, "oh, I almost forgot, Mr.

Potter, the Headmaster gave you the rest of the week off from classes, I trust you can see Miss Granger for the notes."

"I'm not sure we're exactly friends at the moment."

"She's just confused Mr. Potter. She's confusing this bond, for house-elf bonds, which in turn she is confusing for the Muggle concept of slavery. I should know. She's been in the common room since you came back; reading over those books the Headmaster gave her. She'll come around. Have a good evening, Mr. Potter." The Professor then left.

Harry then blearily went to his room to unpack. However, as soon as he arrived, he realized that Gabrielle had already done it, so he called her into the room.

She was at his side in moments, "Is something wrong, Harry?"

"Why did you unpack my stuff?"

Gabrielle was nervous, "Well, you were sleeping at the time, and I had already read through one of the books on the bond, like you requested. Then since I had nothing to do, I went and unpacked my things. Then I just went to unpack your things," she fell to her knees similar to how she did when she came out of the lake she started crying, "I'm sorry, Master, I didn't mean any disrespect, I was just trying to help. I promise I will never touch any of your things ever again. I'm sorry."

This behavior was rather uncomfortable to Harry; it reminded him of the Dursley's. He gently crouched down next to Gabrielle and helped her stand. Then he looked her in the eye. "Gabrielle, I was just curious as to why you would bother to unpack my stuff. I'm grateful that you did, I appreciate it. And if you ever want to borrow or look at any of my things, then you just have to ask."

"Thank you, Master, and I'm sorry."

Now Harry was just confused. Had he not explained himself well enough?

"For what?"

"For referring to the things in the other bedroom as 'my things', when they are in fact, yours."

Harry remembered the contract he signed that morning, "Gabrielle you may continue to think of those things as yours. Anything that you purchase or have for your use is yours."

"Thank you, Master."

Harry drew her into a hug and whispered, "Harry, remember, not Master."

Gabrielle nodded into his shirt.

At this point Dobby popped into the room. They broke apart and looked at him.

"Dobby is sorry to be interrupting Harry Potter Sir and Harry Potter Sir's Gabby, but dinner is ready."

They walked back out into the sitting room to see that the lounge area had been replaced with a dining room set for two, and was set up with food and beverage. For dinner they had Escargot, a chicken dish, and crepes with chocolate for dessert.

Over dinner they talked about their respective lives. Gabrielle came from a life of wealth and privilege, apparently Veela were much more respected in France than in England. Her father was a former Auror who had gotten involved in politics. Her mother was a very popular fashion model. Their family resided at an estate along the French Riviera. They were a very close family.

In turn, Harry shared parts of his history; however he very much glazed over the Dursley's actions. He told her about Mrs. Figg and her cats, and about the time he siced a Boa Constrictor on Dudley. He told her the story of how he met Dobby, about his many adventures over the years, and about his godfather.

He decided to leave the truth about the Dursley's and Voldemort until later. Gabrielle knew he was hiding something, but she didn't press him.

Eventually they realized they had been talking for several hours before they felt exhausted again. Harry was curious, why was he so tired. He voiced the question aloud.

"It's the bond forming. It's going to be taking up much of your energy for a while. However she added, "It is lessened by contact. I would recommend sleeping together."

"Just sleeping?"

"Just sleeping, unless, of course you want more?"

"No, hell no. Gabrielle, I don't want to do any of that, it's just not right."

"Of course."

"Right, then, Gabrielle, why don't you go to your room and get ready for bed. Then, join me in my room. The bed is bigger, more room to spread out."

"I will join you there soon."

Harry went to his room and slipped into his pajamas, shortly after Gabrielle joined him. She was dressed in a tank top and pajama bottoms. Harry slid into bed and invited Gabrielle in. She curled up by his right leg, similar to how a cat would. To Harry, it didn't look very comfortable.

"Gabrielle?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you comfortable down there?"

"Harry, I've never been more comfortable in my entire life."

-Please Review! Thank you to those who have



## Chapter 4

### Meet the Parents

The next morning, Harry awoke feeling quite content. He never slept better than he did last night. He turned to see Gabrielle curled up by his right leg. Harry gently shook her awake.

"Mmm, Good Morning, Harry."

"Good Morning, Gabrielle. How did you sleep?"

"Wonderfully," Gabrielle's eyes then snapped open and she turned to Harry, "oh no, what time is it? My parents will be here at ten."

Harry looked at his watch. It was a half-past eight. He told Gabrielle, and then instructed her to, "go back to your room, shower and get ready. We have a lot to do." Gabrielle nodded and went off.

Harry then climbed out of bed and headed to his bathroom. As he was showering and getting ready he started thinking about the meeting that was going to come. He first started with Mrs. Delacour, the easier of the two. While she might be upset about what happened to her daughter, she was also a Veela and would understand what happened.

As for Mr. Delacour, that was a completely different story. He may have grown up in a cupboard, but he has heard of the "What is your intentions toward my daughter?" speech and like every other male in the world, it scared him.

So, with great reluctance he stepped out of the shower and got dressed, he then paced his room, until finally deciding on what he was going to say. He emerged at nine and sat at the table with Gabrielle who was dressed in casual robes. They started to talk about the upcoming meeting and Gabrielle sensed his nervousness.

"Harry, you shouldn't be so worried, my parents will love you. They understand what's happening."

"I'll believe it when I see it. I really am truly not good enough for you Gabrielle. You deserve a better person than me to look after you."

Heck, I can't even look after myself. I always end up getting me and my friends and me in danger."

"Harry, if you hadn't put your friends and yourself in danger what would have happened, would it have been something worse? Would you have been in danger anyway?"

Harry thought about this. If Voldemort had gotten Flamel's stone, then he and his friends would have been in even more danger. If he hadn't stopped the Basilisk then Ginny would have died. If he hadn't rescued Gabrielle then she would have died.

"Your right, things would have been much worse."

"See, everything is going to be fine, we may have to learn some things together, but things will turn out alright in the end. Besides, my parents will help."

Harry stilled again at the mention of parents. He started getting worried, again. However his worrying was interrupted by Dobby's appearance, warning him that the Delacours had arrived and would be flooing to his room in minutes. Harry and Gabrielle stood by the fireplace, but at a safe distance.

The fireplace glowed green and a beautiful woman stepped out with the grace and elegance of an angel. It was clear where Gabrielle's and Fleur's looks had come from. Gabrielle ran over and hugged her

"Mama!"

"Oh ma fille it is so good to see you safe and sound. And this must be your Bonded Companion."

Harry stepped forward and introduced himself. "Hello, ma'am, I'm..."

"Harry James Potter, very nice to meet you, and thank you for saving my daughter from the lake." She seemed to look him over for a moment before deciding, "I am pleased that you are my daughter's bonded companion, you two will be good for each other. Je m'appelle Apolline Delacour, you can call me Apolline." She hugged Harry who stiffened a moment in surprise before returning the hug. The separated as the floo glowed green again. Out stepped a rather

plump man with a pointed black beard. Gabrielle ran over to him and hugged him as well."

"Papa!"

"Oh, my little girl! How are you, are you eating well, are these British batards treating you well? Oh wait until I get my hands on Albus for letting this happen!"

Gabrielle giggled at her father's antics. "I'm fine, all this heavy British food is going to my stomach. The people here are very kind. And this is Harry, my bonded companion."

At this point Monsieur Delacour glared at Harry, who was desperately trying to disappear. Unfortunately, his control of magic did not allow that. After Monsieur Delacour finished looking Harry over he said, "let's go talk in your study for a few minutes, hmm."

Harry nodded and sighed. He led Monsieur Delacour into the study, who shut the door behind him. Just as the door was closing, he noticed Gabrielle was trying to follow him, but was being gently restrained by Apolline.

After the door closed, Monsieur Delacour turned to Harry, and asked him, "Mr. Potter, what are your intentions toward my daughter?"

Harry mentally went over what he decided to say when he woke up, "Monsieur Delacour, your daughter and I have been flung into a difficult situation, one we are trying to make the best of. I really do wish that your daughter was not in this situation. My life is not an easy one to live. However, I do care about your daughter and I will care and protect her to the best of my abilities, to my dying breath if need be."

"Ah, Mr. Potter that's all well and good, but you forget I am a father, specifically, I am a father of a Veela daughter. So, I suspect you are having feelings toward my daughter, and I want to know what you are going to do about it."

Harry gulped, this was the question that he had hoped wouldn't be asked, especially after he woke up this morning. "Sir, I will not deny that your daughter is a beautiful girl. Nor will I deny that this is clearly going to be a long term event. So I will not lie to you." Harry

paused here before continuing, to collect his thoughts, "If two people are in close contact for a long period of time, they will begin to have intimate feelings for each other. However, I will take any sort of lead about this from Gabrielle. I will respect her wishes in the matter."

This led Monsieur Delacour to start chuckling, then to laugh a very hearty laugh. "Oh, Harry, you should have seen the look on your face when I asked you that. Trust me, I know about what you're going through. Here, sit down, let me explain a few things."

For some reason, Harry felt immensely relieved about Monsieur Delacour's reaction. They promptly sat down on the pull-out couch.

"Harry, I must apologize for asking those questions, but I just wanted to be sure you are as nice and noble as the bond suggests. And I must say you have surpassed my greatest expectations."

He smiled before continuing, "Now I happen to know a thing or two about this bond, it is well documented in Gabrielle's family history. Her great-grandparents experienced the same thing, at about the same age you two did. So there is a close historical precedent for us to follow."

"This bond has adapted Gabrielle to what you think you need, I noticed that she had changed as soon as I entered. She is intelligent and wise, in her style and speech, yet she is also a child at heart. Remind you of anyone you know?"

Harry pondered this for a moment, it sounded a lot like Hermione and Ron. "Yes, it sounds like the better qualities of my two best friends."

"Ah Miss Granger and Mr. Weasley," at Harry's look of surprise he chuckled, "don't think I didn't check up on you Mr. Potter before we met. Now, with regards to the ah, intimacy, question." Here they both blushed for a moment before Monsieur Delacour continued, "you can't take your 'lead' off of Gabrielle, because she will take it from you. She will do whatever you wish, remember." Gabrielle's Father was briefly saddened at this part, before he started smiling again, "I believe you two will be, um, together in the Biblical sense, before September."

"What! Mr. Delacour, she is only eight!"

"Oh, don't worry about that. The same thing happened to Apolline's mother. She was around that age as well. At the point when the bond starts pushing the two people toward intimacy she underwent a flash puberty of sorts. One night she was eight, the next she was the same age as her companion. It will all work out in the end, Harry. Now, let's go out there before our women think that I have killed you and vanished the body."

Harry chuckled at this, and they both went out into the sitting area and started talking over tea. Apolline and Jean-Pierre, as he insisted to be called, filled in some more of the blanks that Gabrielle, in her modesty, had left out last night.

It turns out that her mother was not only a very sought after model, but also the head of her own fashion house, popular in both the muggle and magical worlds. The conversation between her and Harry later revealed that about half of the major fashion houses around the world were run by magical creatures, mostly Veela, except for one in the United States that was run as a halfway house for reformed Succubi.

It turns out that Jean-Pierre was not only involved in politics, but was seriously involved in politics. Currently he was serving as the Head of the French Magical Legislature and had a serious shot at winning the election for French Minister of Magic which would occur next month.

Then they proceeded to sign the papers that had been left by Ange Delaterre, the day before. They signed the form giving Harry custody, and the second form signing over their assets. Afterward, they sighed and Jean-Pierre turned to Harry, "I'll see to it that Gabrielle's possessions are transferred to you by tomorrow. Also, Gringotts will probably send you information about Gabrielle's trust vault."

Harry was surprised by the nonchalant reaction that the Delacours were giving to signing their daughter's life away. he questioned them on it, "Why are you so willing to sign your daughter over to me so easily?"

Apolline took this question, "Harry, she was effectively signed over to you yesterday when the bond formed. Gabrielle will continue to be

our daughter. 'owever you will now be responsible for 'er. Signing these papers does not mean we love 'er any less, it is just bureaucracy."

Harry immediately started spewing out apologies, "oh, I apologize for thinking any less of you. I just have never had a very good family life, and it just seemed like something my Uncle would have done."

Apolline went over and hugged Harry, "'arry don't worry, we understand."

And with that and a few short good-byes, the Delacours left through the floo.

Harry looked at his watch, it was almost noon. However, he was not hungry, so he decided to just sit and read another one of those books and try to get over all these emotions he's been feeling. Gabrielle curled up next to him on the couch as they read.

However, as soon as they were settled, there was a knock at the door. They stood and adjusted their clothes, remembering what happened last time McGonagall came in.

But it wasn't Professor McGonagall at the door.

It was Ron and Hermione.

Hermione had tears in her eyes, and was being supported by an uncomfortable Ron.

Harry sighed, realizing another emotionally charged conversation was about to begin.

Please Review! Thanks to those who have.

AN: Can anyone identify the obscure television reference in this chapter?

## Chapter 5

### Hermione and Ron

Harry moved aside and let Hermione and Ron enter. They moved over to the couch and sat down. Harry sat in the lounge-chair and Gabrielle sat by his feet snuggling up to his leg. Finally, Hermione gained control of her emotions.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so sorry for everything I said yesterday. I just really wasn't thinking, all I could see was slavery, which of course was all I could see with house-elves, because of a singular instance with that stiff jerk Crouch Jr," she started sobbing again, "and because of that I've lost my first friend."

Lost her first friend, what in Merlin's name was she talking about? Harry looked to Ron for an explanation.

Ron noticed this, "hey, don't look at me mate, this is all Hermione's thing, I come in later and besides, the last time I opened my mouth I ended up almost ruining our friendship, and making an arse out of myself."

"Fine then, Hermione, why do you think you've lost your first friend?"

"Well, you obviously don't need us now that you have Gabrielle and I acted completely out of line and like a horrible friend yesterday, so I understand." She was still crying, this was very hard on her.

Surprisingly, it was not Harry who comforted Hermione, but instead Gabrielle.

"Hermione, friends have disagreements all the time. you will not lose Harry's friendship because of a simple argument. Nor will you lose his friendship because of me. Harry will still need you," she turns to Ron, "and you as well, Ron. You three have always been together, for the most part, you have always been there for each other. Besides, Harry needs a rather uncomplicated relationship."

At this point, Hermione pulled herself out of her troubles enough to notice where Gabrielle was sitting. Diplomatically, she decided to just quirk an eyebrow.

"Before you say anything, Hermione, I'm sitting here because I find it rather comfortable, and I felt like a little change of pace might do me some good."

Hermione nodded and Harry, who was very confused about this whole mess, decided to interject, "Um, Hermione, I don't want to lose your friendship, but last I remember you hated my guts. So would you mind telling me where this change of heart came from."

"Well, it all started yesterday when..."

Flashback to yesterday.

Hermione curled up in her favorite chair in the Gryffindor Common Room, and pulled one of the books Professor Dumbledore had handed her and started reading. After having finished it, she was shocked. She had, been so misguided by her own opinions that she had gone into a situation without fully comprehending it.

Harry had no choice in accepting the bond. Well, he did, but he obviously wasn't going to let anything happen to Gabrielle. Apparently the punishment for rejecting the bond varied based on how serious the issue that formed the bond was and how strong the bond was at the time. The range itself was varied from a severe case of dementia to something similar to the effect of the Dementor's Kiss.

The bond itself was not like slavery. It didn't force Gabrielle to do something, instead, it changed her so that she and Harry would connect to each other, that she would want to do whatever Harry wanted of her. It was complicated but beautiful.

"...and after that I considered if I was wrong about that, what else could I have been mistaken about..."

Hermione then opened up one of the books that the Headmaster had given her about house-elves. After having finished it, she realized how much of an idiot she had been. She hated being vilified by the wizarding world. So when she saw something so thoroughly backward, she jumped at the opportunity to show them how stupid they were.



However, once again, she was wrong. It turns out that house-elves couldn't be free. Their service to wizards is necessary for their survival. They draw off of a wizard's magic and are servants in exchange. That part was necessary. However, House-elves could be treated better. She would have to talk to the Headmaster about that.

Harry then looked over to Ron, "well, what's your story."

"Well, I was in the Common Room, um, answering people's questions."

"What questions?"

"Honestly, Ron," she turned to Harry, "He was telling everyone about how he saved you and Gabrielle from the lake, really the attention getter this one," she jerked her finger at Ron.

"Oh, I don't mind. anything that keeps the attention off of me and Gabrielle is a good thing. Keep up the good work, Ron."

Ron smirked at Hermione, who glowered. Harry interjected this little victory parade

"Now what were you saying, Ron?"

"Oh, right, well anyway Professor McGonagall came down after talking to you and announced to the whole house that 'due to a medical condition' you and Gabrielle would be living together in one of the married students suites. After she left, Hermione noted that I was rather agitated by this, so she talked some sense into me..."

Another Flashback to yesterday.

Ron was very annoyed, Harry Bloody Potter! Always got what he wanted! Always! He had the fame, the riches, and now all this special treatment! Why? Just for something stupid he did as a baby

He then noticed Hermione walking over to him. Angry, at him.

"Ron, we need to talk?"

"Ok, so let's talk."

"Not, here you git, in your dorm."

After they arrived in the dorm, Hermione had him sit down and explained a few things to him.

"Ron, today, when Harry saved Gabrielle from the lake, a bond was formed between them. They've been put together, permanently. It's a Veela Life Debt."

"A what?"

"Veela Life Debts are different from the life debts wizards have with each other. If a certain set of conditions are met, the Veela is bonded to the wizard, for life."

"You mean like a slave?"

"NO! Don't make the same mistake I did! It changes her, it makes her want to do what Harry wants."

"But still it ends up the same, Harry having a girl on his beck and call all the time, Harry Bloody Potter always getting everything."

"...Then Hermione really started tearing into me..."

"Ronald Billus Weasley! Will you kindly get your head out of your arse and listen. First, Gabrielle is eight, I seriously doubt that she and Harry will be doing anything. Secondly, Harry has to care for Gabrielle, provide for her, act as her guardian, and he's only 14 himself. Thirdly, stop whining about the room, do you really want an eight year old girl sleeping in your dorm.

And finally, keep in mind that this is Harry's best chance to get what he wants that you've always had, a family! Harry doesn't want to be rich or famous, the only reason why he is rich and famous is because of his parents dying."

Hermione started sobbing here, "Oh, Ron, it was horrible, I said some terrible things to Harry, and now I might have lost him as a friend."

Ron held her and comforted her.

"I've already turned my back on Harry once this year, I'm not going to do it again."

"And that's the story, Harry," Hermione said, "This morning I went to speak to Dumbledore,"

Flashback to this morning,

Hermione knocked on the door to the Headmaster's office.

"Come, in Miss Granger."

Hermione entered and took a seat at the desk.

"So, I take it your here because you read those books I gave you."

"Yes, Headmaster."

"And?"

"Some of my assumptions may have been incorrect.

"It takes a great person to admit they are wrong, Hermione, now what do you propose to do about the elves?"

"It's become clear that the elves need us to survive, the symbiotic relationship requires that much. However, the elves could be treated better."

"I agree, you should continue with your S.P.E.W efforts, but perhaps you should come up with a better name, eh?" Dumbledore's eyes twinkled.

"Yes, I agree, a change in goals may work better as well."

"Now, what are you going to do about Harry?"

"I really don't know, I feel terrible for what I did, but will he forgive me? I mean he has Gabrielle now, she's all he'll ever need she'll be the best of Ron and me and leave out all our failings. I'll always stay by him, but will he let me?" She started crying, again.

Dumbledore came around and held her hand, "Hermione, Harry will forgive you, you just worry too much, and Harry will need a simpler relationship, one without the convolutions of guardian, master, and lover that he has with Gabrielle. All you had was a simple argument, one that has been resolved."

"Yes, sir."

A small device went off. "Well, the Delacours just left, you should head up there now."

"Thank you, sir."

Hermione now turned to Harry who walked over and hugged the both of them.

"You two were my first friends, I love you both, and yes, I forgive you Hermione, although there is nothing to forgive. And thank you for sticking by me in this difficult time."

Now that everyone was happy again, they prepared to turn the conversation to more pleasant subjects. However, a large, noble owl swooped in to the room and dropped a rather letter in Harry's lap. Harry turn it over and saw that it was from Gringotts.

Damn, Harry thought, will this day never end?

AN: After this chapter, the story will return to canon, which it will follow, up until the third task. Although I'm still trying to figure out what to do with Gabrielle when Harry's in classes and the like, as well as how smutty to make it.

Congratulations to Chi Vayne for correctly guessing the obscure reference 'halfway house for reformed Succubi' in the last chapter referred to The Middleman, a now canceled, yet excellently written science fiction show on ABC Family

I've updated my profile with a listing of my stories that I'm currently writing in an effort to consider the feasibility and interest generated by them. In case you didn't know, I'm writing this story "on the fly" and have brought it straight from my imagination to the written word, I have no chapters of it in reserve

## Chapter 6

### Accounts, Announcements, and Advice

Harry took the letter from the owl and it flew off. He opened it and a round disk like object fell out, leaving him holding a letter. He opened it, and read the brief contents.

Dear Mr. Potter,

Gringotts has received word of a the recent Life Debt bond between you and Gabrielle Potter (nee Delacour). We would like the opportunity to speak with you regarding the recent addition to your portfolio because of this and the additional access grated due to your emancipation.

Please place the round disk on the floor in an open area of your rooms, tap it with your wand, and step back. Someone will be with you shortly.

Thank you,

Gringotts Bank, London Branch

Harry looked at the round disk and wondered what it was, he showed it to Gabrielle. She looked at it for a moment and identified it for Harry, "This is a Goblin Transport aperture. They're really rare, and only given to certain account holders. My father has one. You should activate it as soon as possible, it's rude if you don't."

"Will it work in Hogwarts?"

"I assume so, didn't you read the letter, it says to activate it here."

"Oh."

Harry placed it in front of the fireplace, where there was a bit of room, tapped it with his wand, and stepped back.

The device began blinking, then activated when a column of light rose up and fell down, then a goblin was standing on the device.

"Good Afternoon, Mr. Potter, I am Griphook, from Gringotts Bank, London, and your personal account manager."

"You took me to my vault first year."

"That is correct, however, I have been promoted since then, I am now a senior account manager, meaning I handle accounts like yours. Now there are several issues. First there the accounts that were transferred into your name when your bound companion came into your possession. They consist to personal articles, as well as a trust fund vault in her name for the amount of 50,000 Galleons that you have full control over. You must decide how much access your bound companion will have to these items."

"Well it's her possessions, why can't she have full access?"

Griphook answered, "Legally, they're your items. She can no longer hold any items of her own, it's up to you how much she accesses."

Harry groaned, not this again, "As far as I'm concerned, it's her's. She can have full access to her possessions, and her trust fund."

"Very well. Now we have to address the Potter Account. Due to your emancipation, you now have full access. Therefore I will give you a summary of your account. In your trust fund vault, the one you can currently access, you have 48,900 Galleons. You then have two vaults you can now access the Potter Family Vault, and the Potter Family Liquid Assets vault. In the Potter Family Vault are a variety of heirlooms, books, weapons gems, jewelry, and anything salvageable from Godric's Hollow after the attack there on October 31, 1981. The items in this vault are mostly one of a kind and can't be valued. The Potter Family Liquid Assets vault can be valued at 1.0018 Billion Galleons...

(AN: In case you're wondering how I got this figure, I took the net worth of JK Rowling+ Daniel Radcliff+ Harry Potter Merchandise and Book Profits+ Movie Totals, Converted to pounds and divided by five, in essence, the total worth of the Harry Potter Industry, now back to our story)

...In essence, even if all your investments, which are very profitable on their own, crashed overnight, you would still be very comfortable. In addition, you have two homes under your direct ownership. A

Cottage in Godric's Hollow, which is currently a listed building for its historic significance, and cannot be altered in anyway."

"What?"

"Although you own the property, and the house, the government has classified it as a Grade I historical site made it illegal for you to alter it in any way from its appearance as of November 1st, 1981."

"Could you translate that into something I understand, please."

Griphook groaned, humans could be so thick sometimes, "The Government decided your house is as important to the British Magical Community as Buckingham Palace is to the Muggles, so decided to leave it as a blown out building as a monument to your defeat over the Dark Lord, get it?"

"Ok, what's the other house?"

"New Potter Manor, about 18 months before your parents died your grandparents on the Potter side were killed in an attack against the ancestral Potter home. The manor was damaged beyond repair. Over the next six months a new manor was designed. It was built as the ultimate combination of Muggle and Magical, with the best defensive wards and security systems created. Your parents died about a month before it was completed. After it was finished, the house was put into long-term storage, and stasis. No one has set foot in it in almost 15 years."

"Oh, ok, so to sum up, I'm insanely wealthy, have a bunch of priceless possessions that never see the light of day, my cottage is all but owned by the government, and I have a manor that no one's ever used. By the way, how do I go about giving Gabrielle access to all this?"

"She can't access the vaults, they can only be opened if a Potter is there. However, we can arrange for her vault to be refilled from your vault every month or so."

"That sounds good, I doubt that she'll blow through 50,000 Galleons a month."

Gabrielle's musical laughter filled the room, "Of course not."

"Very well then, sir, I'll leave this folder here with your vault keys, a full listing of investments, and the instructions for operating the Transport Aperture. It's can only go to Gringotts, however."

Harry stood, "Thank you, Griphook."

"May your gold flow freely and may you prosper."

"Uh, same to you."

Griphook nodded, walked over to the disk, tapped it with his finger, and was taken back to Gringotts.

Harry sighed, "well that settles that, now we have to go to dinner, and then I'm going to sleep," he looked at Gabrielle, "just sleep."

"Of course, unless you want something more?"

Harry choked, "No. It's just not right."

"Whatever, whenever, Harry." The way Harry rolled off her tongue made it sound like a synonym for 'master.' Then she, acting as if the completely awkward conversation hadn't taken place she stood. "I'm going to get changed for dinner, after all, I'll be introduced to the school."

As Harry was washing up, he wondered why Gabrielle was literally throwing herself at him. Even though he had started to understand her, this was a girl thing. Maybe, Hermione could help him.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle was getting dressed into her school uniform for the occasion. While she was dressing, she was wondering about Harry's attitude. Here she was, literally throwing herself at him, and he turned her down. Honestly, she was scared. She knew she was young and she didn't want to lose him before she grew up.

She stepped out and met Harry in the common room, they walked out and through the school to the Great Hall. They were met with stares and whispers the whole way. When they arrived in the Great Hall, everyone stopped eating and stared at them. Dumbledore rose and spoke to the assembled students.



"Everyone, as you might have noticed Gabrielle Delacour is joining us this evening. Due to a rare magical medical condition, she must remain here with Mr. Potter. I ask that you don't bother your teachers or Miss Delacour or Mr. Potter for information about this serious matter. Thank You."

Everyone shrugged and turned back to their meals, another strange thing in the life of Harry Potter, who cared? As the meal continued, Harry talked with Ron and Hermione about what he had missed in school. At the same time he was watching what Gabrielle was eating, and intentionally eating slower than her. He had to talk to Hermione.

Ron was finished first. He shrugged and left, probably to return to the common room. Gabrielle finished next, she looked to Harry, who asked her, "why don't you return to the suite, I'm going to be a while here." Gabrielle nodded and left.

Hermione asked him, "what's wrong, Harry?"

"Am I that obvious?"

"Yes, You usually only finish slower than Ron, then you send Gabrielle off, so it's obvious you wanted to talk to me alone, so I ask again, what's wrong?"

Harry looked around to make sure no one was listening before continuing, "Gabrielle's been acting strangely."

"How so?"

"Well I guess she's been literally throwing herself at me, practically begging me to, um, advance, our relationship. I can't understand why."

"Um, well, exactly how far have you, um, gone with her?"

"I've hugged her, and we slept together last night, just slept. I thought I've made it clear that I don't want to do anything more until she goes through her flash puberty."

"Flash Puberty?"

Harry quickly explained the conversation he had with Monsieur Delacour this morning.

Hermione sighed, "the most likely explanation for this is that she's scared she is going to lose you to an older witch before she grows up, so she's trying to make it clear that she's willing to do whatever it takes to keep you."

"But I don't want to go out with anyone else and wouldn't the bond keep us together anyway."

Hermione shook her head, "remember, Harry, she is bonded to you, not the other way around. You can go around with anyone you like. She has to remain faithful to you."

"But that's completely unfair."

"I know, but as I've learned, that's the way it is. The best thing you can do is consciously reassure her that you like her. I don't know how, that's up to you."

Harry nodded, "thanks Hermione," suddenly he realized that he had let Gabrielle go back to Gryffindor, alone, "I better go find Gabrielle before she runs into Malfoy or something."

Hermione laughed and shooed him along.

Little did they know, Gabrielle had already ran into Draco Malfoy.

Gabrielle had been on her way back to Gryffindor when she heard someone call out, "Mrs. Potter."

Gabrielle looked down the corridor and saw Draco Malfoy standing there. She approached him, "Mr. Malfoy, I'm pleasantly surprised that you know my proper title."

"I found our Great, Great Grandmother's journal in the Library one day, it talked in detail about your Great Grandmother situation."

"How go things, cousin?"

Draco, sighed, he had placed his metaphorical mask away for now, "not well, something is wrong, Potter being in the tournament, my father is complaining about his mark, something is very wrong."

Gabrielle nodded, filing away the information for later, "Dark times may be ahead, this troubles you?"

"Of course it troubles me! I really do not want to have to work for him, I'm not as stupid as I appear to be. It's a mask. You do understand why I'm telling you this right?"

"I may be young, but I'm not stupid, Draco. He's a good man. He'll help you if you ask."

"I don't trust him, I trust you, we are family, after all."

"Distant, but family none the less. Remember Draco, a Malfoy bows to no one." Gabrielle nodded and continued on her way.

She arrived back in her rooms about a minute before Harry did, as he entered he sighed in relief, "oh good you're here-"

"We need to talk," they both said at the same time. Harry nodded and gestured to Gabrielle to go first, "I ran into Draco Malfoy on my way back."

"I knew it! What did he do to you? Did he hurt you?"

"No, we just talked. He stopped me on my way back," seeing Harry's expression of anger and incredulity she decided to start from the top, "Draco is my third cousin, on my mother's, his father's side, we both have the same Great, Great Grandmother. He brought something to my attention, something he wants us to hold in confidence."

"What?"

"Voldemort will return soon, at least that's what I got from the conversation, his exact words were 'something is very wrong,' he mentioned his father's Dark Mark growing darker. He has indirectly asked for my help, and through me, yours. However, he will come to us when the time is right. There is nothing we can do now, but be on our guard."

"Ok," Harry decided to trust that Gabrielle knew what she was doing.

"What did you want to talk about?"

"I just wanted to let you know that I do like you, I like you a lot. There is no need for us to move so quickly, we can wait." Harry felt that he was not getting through to her. He decided that this time, actions do indeed speak louder than words.

Harry walked over to Gabrielle, bent over and kissed her, just barely brushing his lips to hers. But it was enough. To Gabrielle it felt like a breath of fresh air after a long time under water. To Harry, felt like electricity passed between them.

That night feeling immensely better, and less stressed after their day, they slept together in Harry's room. They just slept, without any pressure for anything else.

AN. Please Review! Thanks to those who have. If you get a moment please comment on my profile page list. Thanks again!

## Chapter 7

### Gossip Rags and Newspapers

The next morning, Harry and Gabrielle arrived in the Great Hall to a murmur of voices and sideways glances of disgust and horror. Harry and Gabrielle sat next to Hermione and Ron, who seemed intent on looking anywhere else than them.

"Guys, what's going on?" Harry asked.

"It's that complete cow of a yellow journalist Rita Skeeter," Hermione answered.

"Yeah, she's turned Gabrielle into some sort of scarlet woman!" Ron supplied.

"Scarlet woman?" Gabrielle questioned.

"Here, read for yourself."

### Harry Potter forced into Veela Contract

By Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent

Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived and currently the fourth champion of the Tri-Wizard-Tournament has apparently been forced into a bond with an evil conniving Veela. The young Potter heir attempted, in an act of heroic bravery to save the youngest daughter of French politician Jean-Pierre Delacour, named Gabrielle.

After saving the Veela our fine hero was apparently forced into caring for and providing for the Veela, to the point where she forced the Headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, to provide a grand suite for her, and locked Harry in it for twenty-four hours.

It has become clear that Delacour is up to no good, I urge the French people to consider this girl, and her father in their upcoming election.

(Story reprinted from our parent paper the Daily Prophet.)

Harry stared at the magazine for several minutes; Gabrielle was in tears next to him, desperately hugging Harry. Harry was about to deal with the situation, when a long eared owl entered and stuck out it's leg to Harry who untied the attached package before it flew off. Harry knew he had to deal with Gabrielle first so he apologized to his friends, told them he'd see them in class and went back to his room with Gabrielle. When they entered Gabrielle let go of him and dropped down to the floor and prostrated herself while continually sobbing, "I'm sorry, Master," over and over.

Harry groaned, he really did not want to deal with this again, he pulled Gabrielle up and over to the couch where he sat while holding her.

"Shh, Gabrielle, it's okay, I'm not mad at you."

"But what that Skeeter woman said is true, I did force you into it."

"No you didn't you never had a choice, you it's not your fault."

"But if you had just left me down there you could keep living your life just like you did."

"Gabrielle, you are the best thing to ever come into my life! I would never change that. I—I love you."

Gabrielle gasped and smiled, "I love you, too, Harry, always and only you."

Then, a long eared owl started tapping at the window. Gabrielle got up from where she was sitting on Harry and opened the window. She let the owl in and untied it, before the owl flew off. She handed the letter to Harry who opened it.

"It's from your father," Harry said, before reading it.

Dear Harry and Gabrielle,

Dumbledore and I are dealing with the Prophet and Witch Weekly. We expect to force them to print a retraction by tomorrow. My security detail will also be monitoring Gabrielle's mail for any threats made against her and take appropriate action. However, I thought you'd like to know that the point of view expressed by the British

Press is not a universal point of view. I've enclosed the article from SorcièreHebdomadaire, a popular French magazine. Dumbledore or I will contact you with regular updates about the situation.

Sincerely,

Jean-Pierre Delacour

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They both were surprised by the letter and quickly looked at the attached article, which had been translated into English.

Potter Heir, Delacour Girl Bond

By Luc Dumont

In a special announcement from Delacour Manor yesterday, front-running Magical Ministry candidate Jean-Pierre Delacour announced that his youngest daughter Miss Gabrielle Delacour, age 8, has entered into a Veela Life Debt bond with Mr. Harry Potter, 14, Boy-Who-Lived, current Hogwarts Student and fourth Tri-Wizard Champion (for more information see Fourth Champion for Tri-Wizard Tournament? November 1994.)

Though details on the circumstances of the bond were vague, this is what was reported. Mr. Potter was participating in the Second Task of the tournament (retrieving a selected hostage from a group of merpeople at the bottom of Hogwarts) Due to ongoing animosity between the Merpeople and the Veela nations; Miss Delacour's life was placed in imminent danger. Mr. Potter valiantly rescued Miss Delacour from the merpeople at great personal risk. Through the nobility of his actions a Veela Life Debt formed, in which Miss Delacour has become the Bonded Companion of Mr. Potter, as required by Veela Magic.

Mr. Delacour announced that Miss Delacour, now Mrs. Potter, participated in the signing over of rights directly after the task. The documents were certified by Mr. and Mrs. Delacour the next morning. Letters and Gifts of congratulations may be sent to Delacour Manor, where they will be forwarded to Mr. Potter at Hogwarts. We at Sorcière Hebdomadaire congratulate Mr and Mrs. Potter on their bonding and wish them happiness and long life.

Harry smiled and turned to Gabrielle, "see, I was right, I wasn't forced into it, I valiantly rescued you.

Gabrielle laughed and looked at the clock, "Harry, you're running late, you better get to class." Harry nodded, and after giving Gabrielle a quick kiss on the head, he ran off to another dreadful potions class.

A few hours later Harry returned and found Gabrielle pouring over his Standard Book of Spells, Grade One, which he found curious, so he asked her about it.

"I didn't gain your knowledge, just your memories, your impressions of events. Though the bonding has made me more intelligent, it hasn't given me more knowledge. I should study what you know, so I know it as well, so I can help you. So how was your day?"

"Potions class was horrible."

"Worse than normal?"

"Much. First, he accuses me of making Polyjuice potion. Then it turns out that Dobby stole the Gillyweed I used in the second task from him. After that, something strange happens, Karkoff came in, and showed Snape something on his arm, said something about it becoming clearer."

Gabrielle stood and walked to the window. She watched the wind blowing across the grounds, the Giant Squid in the lake that almost killed her a few days ago. She then turned back to Harry.

"This is suspicious on its own. Combined with Draco's warning, it's bad, possibly very bad."

"What do you mean?"

Gabrielle started pacing, "Draco said his father complained about his mark, Karkoff shows his arm to Snape, both of whom are verified death eaters, that means that Voldemort is regaining his power. What is more disturbing is the Polyjuice potion, which I assume is not being made by you, that means that there is an imposter



somewhere in Hogwarts," she turned back to Harry, "you must be on your guard."

"How do you know all this?"

"I've been reading up on your enemies, the rest of it is deductive reasoning, something I received from our bond."

"Ah."

Later in the day when they went down to dinner, they received a pleasant surprise. When they arrived at dinner, instead of facing a group of whispering teenagers looking at them with disgust and horror, they were faced with a group of whispering teenagers looking at them with looks adoring and drooling

They sat by Hermione and Ron, who were busy reading the Evening Prophet and piling food on plates, respectively. Harry looked across at Hermione and asked, "what's going on?" Hermione simply handed him the paper and encouraged him to read. The article in question was on the front page.

Official Retraction of "Harry Potter forced into Veela Contract"

This morning, the Daily Prophet and Witch Weekly published this story written by Rita Skeeter, without the facts. This story was highly opinionated and inaccurate. We have published a similar story, which has been determined as accurate in this paper. We at the Prophet and Witch Weekly apologize to the Potters and Delacours for any inconvenience this story may have caused.

Barnabas Cuffe- Editor

The article from SorcièreHebdomadaire was reprinted below.

"Well that was nice of them."

Hermione looked at him with shock, "Nice? Harry, in the Prophet's 112 year history it never, ever printed a front page retraction, whatever the Headmaster and Mr. Delacour did was, well awesome."

"Really, well that makes me wonder what exactly did they do?"

"Most likely, the threatened to revoke the Prophet's ICW and Wizengamot Press Passes, which would have made them practically irredeemable in the eyes of the international journalism community. Then they probably offered something like an exclusive interview with Mr. Delacour after he won."

Everyone looked up at the platinum blond with radish earrings and a spacey expression that said this. Gabrielle was intrigued by someone with this thinking.

"Who are you?"

"Luna Lovegood, my father runs The Quibbler. Ooh, look Nargles, got to run," then she flew off.

Gabrielle shrugged, "well that was interesting," and tuned back to her food.

Then, Mr. Delacour's long eared owl arrived and dropped a letter in Harry's hands before flying off again. Harry opened the letter and read it out loud

Dear Harry and Gabrielle,

As you have undoubtedly noticed by now, the Daily Prophet has agreed to print a front page retraction of the story (impressive if I do say so myself). Albus and I managed to accomplish this through a few threats regarding their press credentials, and agreeing to an interview if I win the election.

My security staff, assigned due to my status as a candidate for minister, has completed the inventory of the letters. Over 500 letters were received or forwarded to the manor since these stories were printed. Half of them (mostly from Great Britain) are negative in nature. About 100 howlers were received. Several threatening letters were also received and were forwarded to the British Auror Offices, though I doubt any action will be taken. Among the more interesting letters were two with everflaming merde attached, several with stinkbombs wired to detonate upon opening, and one with pure bubotuber pus.

My social secretary is preparing a general response card for letters from well wishers. She would like it if you could send a photograph of the two of you to enclose. I'll send a professional photographer next Sunday.

I'll see you for the third task,

Jean-Pierre Delacour

Harry turned to Hermione and asked, "What's so bad about Bubotuber Pus?"

"In it's pure form it's highly corrosive, it would cause boils to emerge on the hands of anyone who comes in contact with it. Thank Merlin Mr. Delacour intercepted your mail, I'd hate to have that stuff on my hands."

They laughed at this. Harry quickly reread the last paragraph and was starting to dread another photo session, after the last one turned out so badly.

Please Review! Thanks to those who have

## Chapter 8

### The Third Task

AN: If you didn't notice from the change in title and summary, this is the chapter where Fleur comes into Harry's life. Also, I have briefly glossed over the events taking place up to this task because; they would have been boring had I included them.

The next Hogsmeade weekend, Gabrielle got to meet Sirius Black. Sirius liked her right away. Harry hated that Sirius kept making jokes about their relationship. He didn't like this because he took his relationship with Gabrielle very seriously. Yet, the mood was lightened when Gabrielle suggested he commit a petty crime in France so they could try him and clear his name (except for the petty crime he would be guilty of.)

However, this brightened mood was ruined by the increasingly darker events surrounding them. First the mysterious reappearance and disappearance of Barty Crouch was an issue that worried Harry and Gabrielle. Then, of course there was everything he found out in the pensieve, which only gave him more questions than answers.

What worried them the most was the dream that Harry had of Voldemort, and Wormtail. They knew something was going to happen, and soon. But there was nothing that could be done to stop it.

Hermione and Ron were supposed to be studying for exams; however, they and Gabrielle found themselves spending almost every free moment helping Harry train for the third task. Practicing spells wasn't difficult for Harry. He had a walking expert in everything (Hermione) and two guinea pigs (one of whom was very willing, the other, not so much.) However they discovered a problem when Hermione had suggested Harry practice dodging spells

"Ok, Harry, I'm going to throw some stunners at you and you are going to dodge them. Got it?"

"Yep."

"Stupefy!"

As Harry was getting ready to dodge the spell he suddenly felt someone body slam him to the ground. The spell impacted harmlessly behind him. Harry groaned and lifted himself off the hard stone floor finding Gabrielle next to him.

"Gabrielle, what the heck was that about?"

He saw Gabrielle prostrate herself before him, a habit she continued to have when she thought she had displeased Harry. As much as he tried to stop her from doing it, she wouldn't.

"You were in danger; I was supposed to get you out of danger. I'm sorry, Master."

Harry sighed and pinched his forehead, sometimes this bond could be a real pain in the butt.

"Fine, Gabrielle, I expressly order you to not dive in front of, throw me out of the way of, or interfere with any spells, enchantments, hexes, jinxes, or curses in any way that could put yourself in danger. Well I think that covers it. So let's try this again, shall we?"

The morning of the Third Task led to a visit by the Weasleys where Mrs. Weasley acted quite cold toward Gabrielle until Harry verified the French account of their bonding. Mrs. Weasley then started acting a lot nicer toward Gabrielle.

What was more interesting was the visit by the Delacour family, during which Mr. Delacour shared some very good news.

"Harry, Gabrielle, Fleur, I wanted to tell you this in person because it was so important. I won the election!"

Fleur and Gabrielle squealed for joy and ran over to hug their father. Harry responded with a much more subdued congratulatory handshake. "Congratulations, sir."

"Thank you, Harry, and thank you for helping me win as well."

"What do you mean?"

"You are just as famous in France as you are here. Your bonding with Gabrielle helped me win. It pains me to admit it, but it's true."

Harry spent the rest of the day trying to enjoy himself, but the Third Task loomed over him like a dark cloud. Finally, the dreaded task arrived. Harry and Cedric entered the maze first. Fifty yards in they came to a fork in the path. Harry took the path on the left, while Cedric went right. Harry continued through the maze, meeting Cedric again after the champion was attacked by a Blast-Ended-Skrewts, encountered a Boggart-Dementor, and some strange mist that turned you upside down. Then suddenly he heard a scream, a female scream, Fleur. It was coming from ahead of the mist. So he just ran through the mist without any cause for himself, his mind was solely focused on saving Fleur.

He righted himself and ran ahead, where he could see lights flashing, followed by another scream, from Fleur. He was shocked by what he saw. Fleur was on the ground, her wand at Harry's feet, she looked tired, exhausted, very disheveled, and in pain. Standing above her was Krum with a glazed appearance in his eyes. He was Imperiused. As Harry was steps away from Fleur, Krum began his next curse.

"Av-"

Harry jumped into the air.

"a."

Harry landed on top of Fleur whose cheeks started expanding."

"da."

Harry whipped his wand out and started a spell, "Stu-"

"(space between words)"

"-pi-"

"Ke-"

"-fy."

The spell left Harry's wand, and headed toward Krum. Fleur started expelling the wind that got knocked out of her. By the time Krum reached "-vad-," the spell had already hit him, knocking him out cold.

(AN: I know that the timing of this scene is a bit, well, improbable, but I can only claim Quidditch reflexes and plot necessity. Back to the story.)

Harry rolled off Fleur and to his feet, while Fleur crawled around. Harry was too busy disarming Krum to notice that Fleur was kneeling on all fours, her head almost touching the ground. By the time he turned around she was already in the position that Gabrielle had used so many times out of force of habit. All he could think was, oh, no, not again, with a mental groan added for good measure.

"Fleur, um, are you okay?"

Fleur responded, "oui, mon maître."

Well, damn, Harry thought, it's happened again.

"Fleur, did we just form a Veela Life Debt?"

"Yes, my Master."

Bugger.

Harry wanted to stay with Fleur and figure this out, but he felt compelled to go on.

"Okay, Fleur, here's your wand, and Victor's, he was Imperiused by the way, I'm going to send up red sparks and someone will come to get you, understand?"

"Yes, my Master."

Harry groaned, he had finally almost got Gabrielle to stop that. He quickly sent up red sparks and kept moving, before encountering a Blast Ended Skrewts, briefly seeing Cedric again and filling him in on the Krum situation (only the Krum part, not the whole Veela Life Debt part.) He then encountered a sphinx, where he really wished he had Hermione, before encountering a huge spider with Cedric, which they both barely managed to defeat, although Harry's leg was injured. They both agreed to take the Triwizard Cup together and got sucked away by a port key

To say that Gabrielle Potter was nervous would be an understatement. She was terrified for Harry. As the whistle blew and Harry ran into the maze, she discovered that she was more worried for Harry than her own sister. She reflected on the fact that this was the first time Harry was alone, in a stressful situation, since the bond was formed. The bond seemed to compensate for this by linking his emotions to her. She felt Harry's nervousness compounding her own. She felt how cool and collected he was as he took on a Boggart, and the humorous reaction that followed (of course, she had no idea it was a Boggart, she just felt his emotions.) Gabrielle felt the shock of fear that went through his already terrified body as he heard Fleur scream, followed by sheer determination. Then she felt nothing, until she felt another person enter their bond, someone she quickly identified as Fleur. This terrified her more than Harry's fear, which was now some sort of abject resignation. What in the name of Merlin was going on in that maze? Why did Harry have to save Fleur, and from what, or whom? Then she saw red sparks.

Gabrielle ran over to meet Fleur as she was taken out of the maze by Professors McGonagall and Snape. Gabrielle asked her, "Fleur, what happened?"

"Krum, 'e was Imperiused, 'e Crucioed, moi! Then Our Master came and saved me, just as 'e was about to kill me!"

Snape at this point muttered something that sounded suspiciously like, "bloody freaking good for you, Potter." McGonagall just groaned.

"Well, what happened next?"

"He sent up red sparks before going on."

"Well, Miss Delacour, let's get you to Madame Pomfrey, I'll have to break the news to your Headmistress and Albus."

"Merci, Professor."

Gabrielle and Fleur then hissed in pain, for a moment. This worried McGonagall, "what is it? What happened?"

"Harry, he's been hurt, his leg, he hurt his leg."

"Well, I'm sure he's fine ladies, let's get to Madame Pomfrey."



Just as they got to Madame Pomfrey, Fleur started sobbing inconsolably, while Gabrielle started whimpering and becoming nervous.

"What is it now?"

"Harry, he's gone."

"Gone, what do you mean, gone?"

"He's no longer on Hogwarts Grounds. Fleur is acting like that because her bond hasn't been cemented yet. To her impression Harry abandoned her, rejected her, she will quickly start to go insane and die, unless Harry gets back to Hogwarts soon."

"How long-"

"Two or three hours until it becomes irreversible."

"Oh, my."

Meanwhile in a Little Hangleton Cemetery

"Wands out, d'you reckon," Cedric asked.

"Yeah."

Then, without warning, both girls started crying even more, if that was possible, and hugging each other in an attempt to console themselves. This worried Madam Pomfrey.

"What is it?"

"Harry, something horrible happens, he feels so horrible he feels, almost, dead, inside."

A few minutes later they were hissing and grabbing their forearms.

"What now?"

"His arm, something hurt his arm."

In Little Hangleton, Voldemort emerged from a cauldron.

In a medical tent on the Quidditch Pitch at Hogwarts, two Veela felt Harry's terror.

In Little Hangleton, Voldemort finished his monologue

In a medical tent on the Quidditch Pitch at Hogwarts, two Veela felt a slightly muted version of the Cruciatus curse, for one it was the second time that evening.

Minerva McGonagall and Poppy Pomfrey looked on in horror.

"Are you sure Poppy, they both now have Cruciatus exposure?"

"I'm sure, I double checked, I have no idea how this could be happening."

"I presume Mr. Potter is not in a good way right now."

The next few minutes passed with the girls continuing to feel Harry's emotions: fear, bravery, nobility, wonder, happiness, determination, and fear again. Then Gabrielle turned to the professors.

"Harry's back."

Moments later, Harry Potter reappeared, with a Triwizard Cup and a dead Cedric Diggory.

AN: Please Review, Thanks to those who have.

## Chapter 9

### Task Aftermath and Fleur's Tale

Gabrielle and Fleur raced from the medical tent (conveniently located at the mid-point of the maze and therefore quite a distance away from the judges) with Madame Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall following. By the time they reached the cup, however, Harry was gone. The two Veelas looked around, but couldn't see him in the chaotic scene. The Diggory's were crying over their son's body. Dumbledore was dealing with the Minister, the crowd was pushing and shoving. The spotted their father running down from the families near the top where he had been. The girls went up to Dumbledore who had just finished with the minister.

"Headmaster, where's Harry?"

"What do you mean? He was right with Alastor over there?" Dumbledore's eyes widened and a very serious expression took over his face. "Minerva, Severus, Minister Delacour, please follow me." The headmaster took off at a speed that should not have been attainable by a 160 year-old man. The group, plus Gabrielle and Fleur, arrived at the Defense office and promptly blew the doors off. Moody was standing over Harry, who was tied to a chair and looking quite nervous.

"Professor, what's—"

"Harry, that man, is not Alastor Moody. The real one would have never taken you out of my sight tonight." Jean-Pierre grabbed Moody's flask and poured it out.

"Polyjuice potion."

"Severus, get me your strongest bottle of veritaserum, Minerva, get the dog in Hagrid's pumpkin patch and bring him to my office please."

Both nodded and left.

Harry recognized the reference right away, "Sirius?"

"Yes, he was waiting to hear the outcome of the third task."

"Ah, yes, I have to speak to him about clearing his name," the Minister of Magic for France remarked.

"You can? Really?"

"Yes I just need for him to do something on French soil, like public drunkenness, get him arrested, bring up the other issue, get those charges dropped, have him pay a fine for the drunkenness bit (which he certainly can afford), and boom, he's out."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, Sirius will be out."

The small chuckle helped to alleviate everyone's stress by just a little bit. Until, the man turned into Barty Crouch Junior.

"Well, that answers a few questions," Dumbledore muttered.

Severus poured the veritaserum down Crouch's throat. After which the issues of the Quidditch World Cup, Barty Crouch's disappearance and death, Bertha Jorkins disappearance, Juniors escape from Azkaban, the travesty known as the Tri-Wizard Tournament, and instructions on "How to Bring a Dark Lord Back to Life, for Dummies."

By the time they were done, everyone had expressions of horror, loathing, anger, hatred, surprise, and one that could only be described as "so that's how the puzzle fits together." Afterward, Snape took the real Moody up to the hospital wing, and Minerva stood guard over Crouch Jr. Harry, Fleur, Gabrielle, Albus, and Jean-Pierre adjourned to the Headmaster's office.

Jean-Pierre threw some floo powder into the fireplace and speed off, while Harry was comforted by his two bound companions, who were in turn, comforted by Harry. Albus was filling Sirius in on the interrogation that had just taken place downstairs. Jean-Pierre returned moments later with a quill and scroll, and a little bottle of clear liquid with some sort of seal on it, more Veritaserum. Dumbledore answered the quizzical look on Harry's face.

"Harry, we need to take an official account of what happened tonight. Jean-Pierre and I would like to administer Veritaserum. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes."

Jean-Pierre dropped three drops of the liquid into Harry's mouth, before tapping the legal-grade dictaquill with his wand. He pointed Sirius out of the room before they started, there was no need for the record to show an escaped felon in the room.

"This is an official deposition of Harry James Potter, resident of 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey, England, United Kingdom starting at 1:05 AM, June 25, 1996. Questioners are Jean-Pierre Delacour, Minister for Magic of the French Republic and Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and Supreme Mugwump International Confederation of Wizards. Witnesses are Gabrielle Ange Potter, recognized Bonded Companion of Harry Potter, and Fleur Isabelle Delacour, currently unrecognized Bonded Companion of Harry Potter. Deposition taken at the Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Hogsmeade, Scotland, United Kingdom. Veritaserum has been administered to the witness." Finally he started asking the questions.

"Mr. Potter please describe, what happened after entering the maze tonight?"

Harry did, up to Victor Krum.

"And Mr. Potter, what happened after stepping through the gravity reversal cloud?"

"I was righted on the ground and saw Krum pointing his wand at Fleur. It appeared to me that he was Imperiused at the time. Krum then started casting the Avada Kedavra at Fleur. I threw myself between them and snapped of a stupefy."

"Was a Veela Life Debt Bond formed between you and Fleur at this time?"

"To the best of my knowledge, yes."

"What happened next?"

"I wanted to stay with Fleur and help here. But for some reason I felt compelled to move on."

"Compelled?"

"Yes, compelled."

"Then what?"

Harry covered the remainder of the events up to when he returned to Hogwarts. He gave a list of all Death Eaters present and a very accurate description of what Voldemort said. Minister Delacour administered the antidote to the serum.

"Thank you for that, Harry, it should help to convince a lot of people. On a less related note I think that there was a Compulsion Charm on either you or the Cup to make you want to go on, and leave Fleur. That is not your fault."

Albus decided to speak up next, "we can leave the form filing on the new bond until tomorrow and Harry, you should get to the Hospital Wing." Harry nodded and he and the girls left, with Padfoot bringing up the rear. The group's reactions were mixed. Harry was dead tired on his feet and wanted nothing more to do with anything that night. Gabrielle was looking at Harry with quite a bit of pity and sadness, wishing that she could take the horrible pain from him. Fleur was nervous, very nervous. Sirius was serious, he had to think about what was to come, and do the best for Harry.

When they arrived, Madam Pomfrey took one glance at them, sighed and handed Harry a bottle of dreamless sleep. Apparently a house-elf had popped by with their bed clothes, Gabrielle and Harry got changed in some changing cubicles near the rear of the wing. While they were gone, Fleur obtained a bottle of dreamless sleep from Madame Pomfrey and preformed a quick cleaning spell on her clothes and herself.

Harry came out and cast a mild enlargement charm on the bed, before laying down in the middle. Gabrielle exited and sat at the foot. Gabrielle was speaking to Fleur in rather fast and angry French

(Harry could only pick up a few words.) Fleur was turning as white as a sheet and becoming almost hysterical. Harry was about to get up to comfort her when Gabrielle motioned him back down, with a pleading look in her eyes. After a few more minutes, Fleur seemed to calm down and took slow unsteady steps to sit next to Harry on the opposite side of the bed. Gabrielle had curled up in her usual place near Harry's leg. Fleur drank her potion and lay down on the bed next to Harry. She was as stiff as a board. Slowly she reached and took Harry's hand in her own. With his other hand, Harry reached over to the bedside and took the potion that Madame Pomfrey had given him. He listened to the girls breathing as it evened out. First Gabrielle, then Fleur, who slowly relaxed just as Harry was falling into unconsciousness himself.

Harry and Gabrielle were woke up a few hours later, to quite a bit of shouting. First Minerva, then Fudge, then Minerva again. From what they could get from the gist of the conversation, Fudge brought a Dementor in, and it Kissed Crouch Jr. Fudge saw it as no particular loss, while Dumbledore was annoyed that Crouch could no longer give testimony about the return of Voldemort.

Fudge didn't believe it.

When Dumbledore mentioned that Harry was the only witness Fudge turned to him.

"You are prepared to believe that Lord Voldemort has returned, on the word of a lunatic murderer, and a boy who...well..."

Ah, so he did see it, Harry though. Rita Skeeter had written a second article about him, after the one on Gabrielle. Said article was going to be published in the Daily Prophet, until of course, certain threats came down and they story was killed, but not after the advance copies went out.

"You've been reading Rita Skeeter, Mr. Fudge"

"So what, you've covered up a lot about him Dumbledore, a Parselmouth, Headaches, Nightmares, Hallucinations. The boy's crazy."

"I saw Voldemort come back Mr. Fudge. I can give you the names of Death Eaters."

"And he already has," a serious Minister Delacour handed Fudge a copy of the deposition, "testimony given under Veritaserum earlier today."

"Just proves that he's more insane, he actually believes what he is saying is the truth."

"Minister Fudge, that report was compiled by myself and the Supreme Mugwump of the ICW. A copy has already been sent to my Ministry and an emergency session will be called in three days to discuss the threat. I suggest you do the same. Tomorrow copies will be sent to all other magical ministries, and the Muggles leaders will be briefed by the end of the week."

"I will not! I will not start a panic and ruin the peace that has ruled this land for..."

"Fourteen and a half years, or since Harry last defeated Voldemort."

"Exactly," (the reference to Harry went straight over Fudge's bowler hat,) "why would I want to ruin that?"

Dumbledore interjected, "because if you don't the world will end as we know it. Corneilius, we have a very limited time to act, we need to arrest known death eaters, interrogate them, send envoys to the giants, repeal the so called 'Werewolf Protection Act,' get the Dementors away from Azkaban. Corneilus, you have an opportunity to become one of the greatest ministers sine Artemis Luftkin, but only if you act now, otherwise you're as good as signing your own no confidence vote."

"Send envoys to the giants, repeal the WPA, get rid of the dementors? Are you mad Dumbledore, I'll get laughed out of office for just simply suggesting it."

"Then we have reached a parting of the ways. You must act as you see fit, and I will act as I see fit."

Fudge made a little spiel about controlling Dumbledore. Threw Harry's winnings at him, and slammed the door. Dumbledore then had Minerva get Hagrid and Madame Maxine in his office, got Sirius and Snape to, "reconcile," sent him to alert the, "old crowd," sent



Snape back to Voldemort, two hours late. Dumbledore left telling Harry to take his potion. Harry sighed, and took the rest of the potion and went to sleep.

The next morning Harry awoke still covered by his two Veela. He gently nudged them awake. Gabrielle greeted him with a, "Good Morning, Harry," and one of those small kisses that made the entire world light up. Fleur sprang awake and practically flew to the bathroom. This reminded Harry about her strange reaction last night, and compounded his interest in her.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong with Fleur?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, she seems awfully, flighty."

"That's actually good for her, usually she'd just avoid you like the plague."

"What do you mean, she seemed to get along with me fine, before, the uh."

"Which is very unusual for her."

"What do you mean, I've seen her interact with other people just fine, certainly Roger Davies," he muttered.

"Perhaps I should explain everything. Fleur has suffered from androphobia for the past four or so years."

"Andro-what?"

"Androphobia, fear of men. Harry you are the first male that she has willingly touched except for our father in the past four years."

"But I see her hanging around guys all the time. She went to the Yule Ball with Roger Davies."

"No she didn't, you have never seen Fleur Delacour as Fleur Delacour, except for on the days of the tasks, otherwise, the role of Fleur Delacour has been played on a rotational basis by Veelas

working for the French Auror department, under heavy glamour charms."

"Then who has Fleur been?"

"Either under heavy Notice-me-Not charms or random students, mostly second or third years, Polyjuice potion is wonderful."

"What happened to Fleur to make her become this way?" Harry had his suspicions, but he had to be sure.

"When Fleur was fourteen she started expressing certain Veela characteristics, specifically the combination magic/hormonal release that makes us desirable to everyone. At the time, Fleur did not have control over this. She was heading in to my dad's work one day at the Ministry and was kidnapped about a block from the entrance, by one of my Father's rivals that had been particularly affected by her magic and was rather anti-veela rights. He wanted to use her to get back at Father and for his own pleasure." She shuddered at the thought

"Oh, my."

"She was recovered within 72 hours, but by that time the damage had been done. Fleur has permanent scarring to her body, usually covered by glammers. She was repeatedly raped and tortured for three days. It took the best mind healers in the world six months to get her out of the perpetual catatonic and fearful state she was in."

"They must have been good."

"Harry, magical mind healers are not like muggle therapists. They can usually work through the most severe cases within a week."

"What can I do to help?"

"Be patient with her, and give her direction either directly or through the bond. The bond should, through helping her conform to your desires, help her with the rest of her mental issues."

"Okay, I'll do my best. By the way, what happened to the rival?"

"He and his colleagues were found at the bottom of the Seine River a year later. Their deaths were ruled a suicide." Otherwise meaning that Jean-Pierre Delacour had killed them, and the French Government judiciously decided not to investigate.

At this point Fleur stepped out of the Bathroom, fully dressed. Harry realized that he now had more on his plate than ever before, and wasn't sure if he could handle it.

AN: Many reviewers said that the last chapter was choppy, rushed, etc. Therefore I took a step away from this story and focused on my other two. ("The Defector" a Battlestar Galactica 2003 fanfic, and "President Moss" a West Wing/ Jericho crossover).

AN2: Furthermore, I would like to answer all of the reviews coming in about two issues. Binns can carry books, at least in this story. That's final, he has been seen shuffling notes in his classes, and in further evidence, Myrtle can displace water.

Secondly, I have no intention of including Hermione in the paring of Harry/Fleur/Gabrielle. I might write a separate story later on about wizarding life debts (Hermione and Ginny, for example.)

Please Review! Thanks to those who have.

## Chapter 10

### Team Potter 3 Ministry 0

Harry and the girls walked up to the Headmaster's office feeling much better than the night before. There, they were met by Headmaster Dumbledore, Minister Delacour, and Miss Delaterre, who had the forms and just handed them to Harry.

"You're a strange one, Mr. Potter, most people learn to not save a Veela after what happens the first time."

"You think I should have just stood by and done nothing?"

"No, and that's why I like you Mr. Potter."

Harry smiled a little and started signing the same forms he had the last time, at least the process was standardized. There was the Veela Bond Recognition Form (version 22-B), Custody Form (Version 5-Veela-B), and the Power-of-Attorney Form (version 72-VeeBon-B). Ange nodded her thanks and left through the Floo. Everyone sat down in the horribly clashing chintz armchairs Dumbledore had conjured; Jean-Pierre began the meeting.

"Harry, let me fill you in on what has happened in the past few hours you were sleeping. An emergency session of the French Magical Parliament has been called for this afternoon. I will address the situation, and request two things. One, a statement of support of you, and two the option to provide aid to Britain if and when they request it."

"No offense, Jean-Pierre, but what about the Voldemort supporters in your country?"

"There are some, but they are the minority, our pureblood population tends to be more forward thinking than Britain's."

"Why's that?"

"Have you heard of the French Revolution, Harry?"

"In passing,"

"There was a magical version as well. It was less bloody, and a bit more orderly, but it served the same purpose. It removed most of the conservative Pureblood base from power, leaving only forward thinking and moving families, like the Delacours for example."

"So no Voldemort supporters?"

"Very few, perhaps, some more that this war might bring out of the woodwork, but certainly not as many as here."

"Why would the French want to help then?"

Albus chimed in here, "To them, Voldemort is a terrorist, who has the power and capability of expanding beyond Britain. Also there's the problem of other magical creatures, we will oppose Voldemort just to keep him away from our werewolves, vampires, and giants."

"Correct, Albus. That brings me to our next point. You will undoubtedly be recalled from the ICW by the Ministry, ending your tenure as Supreme Mugwump."

"I have anticipated that, we will have to make sure we get a candidate in my place that does not support Voldemort or his agenda."

"Agreed, I have the perfect person in mind."

"Who?"

"Telling would ruin the surprise, Dumbledore."

"Okay, next, how do we tell the Muggle Government?"

"I can't."

Harry was surprised by this, "Why not, Professor?"

"There is a magically enforced rule on the population of Britain saying that only the Minister for Magic or someone he authorizes can speak to the Royal Family, or Government."

"That doesn't surprise me. While you might not be able to speak to them, I can. President Chirac will be coming here for his introductory visit to Great Britain, I can get a private meeting between the Prime

Minister, The Queen, President Chirac, and myself, where I will brief them and tell them a few things about the Ministry for Magic that they probably don't know."

"What things?"

"Some things someone said to one of my predecessors in passing."

"We have to wait for the outcomes of those three meetings before we come up with a plan."

"A plan to what?" Harry asked.

"Take down the British Ministry for Magic."

"Let's move on to Harry's plans for the summer..."

That Afternoon

French Magical Parliament, French Ministry for Magic

Underneath the Place de la Bastille

After the rather famous storming of the Bastille by the muggles in 1789 the ruins of Paris' armory/prison were a rather large eyesore on the city. So, the Ministry (who were kicked out of their rather nice compound under the Louvre, by the coinciding Magical Revolution. The Louvre later turned the upper two levels into part of the Muggle museum already operating at the site and the lower eight levels became the preeminent magical art museum in the world) decided to secretly build a newer, more state of the art ministry under the square being constructed above.

That is where they were meeting today, to discuss the return of one of the peskiest problems in the history of France. Lord Imbécile, as they liked to call him, not only attempted to convince the local giant population in the Pyrenees to attack France (the giants said no, they were quite happy, thank you very much.) He then had the audacity to attempt to convince the Veela to side with him. (Who in turn returned his "emissaries" to him with the consistency of fried chicken, after they attempted to assault some of the members of the community.) Then he tried the vampires (who really like Paris' lovely nightlife, clubs and the Moulin Rouge too much, and were quite

happy with only turning voluntary candidate or eating from the volunteer blood banks. However, it should be noted that they absolutely hated that "just like blood" substitute the Pasteur Institute came up with last year.) Also his name Voldemort, was a affront to the French because of the use of their beautiful language in such an evil and bastardized form.

Suffice it to say, the French hated Voldemort.

Jean-Pierre approached the podium and rapped the gavel.

"I do hereby declare this emergency session of the French Magical Parliament open." Pause. "Last night, I received absolutely horrible news, at about midnight Greenwich Mean Time last night, Lord Voldemort returned to corporal form. This was confirmed, under veritaserum by Harry Potter. However, the British Ministry refused to recognize this fact, creating a crucial situation. I therefore propose that we pass the following two resolutions. 1. That the French Magical Government fully supports and believes Mr. Harry James Potter's testimony and that steps must be taken to contain the Voldemort situation immediately. 2. The French Magical Government hereby lends its full support to the governments of Great Britain upon their request."

"Minister, did you say governments?" One of the members, Dominick Malfoy, asked.

"Yes, I did."

"I second the resolutions and compliment the Minister on his excellent use of grammar."

"Thank you, Monsieur Malfoy."

Dominick Malfoy was the head of the French branch of the Malfoy family, which split in the 1790s when one side (the Malfoys) supported blood purity and fled the Revolution, while the other, which was more progressive stayed. They haven't officially talked since.

"Shall we vote? Very, well, all those in favor?"

"AYE!"

"All those opposed?"

"Nay."

Everyone groaned and looked at the one person who would say that, Jeanne Rankin, the absolute pacifist lady who had been sitting in Parliament for the past 96 years and was the only one to vote against the declaration of war against the German Magical Government that had been taken over by Grindenwald.

"The vote is 99 in favor and one opposed," here everyone glared at her, she simply shrugged, "the motion is carried."

Then the next four hours were spent hammering out every little detail about funding and stuff. Very annoying. Finally at about seven they adjourned with a plan of action.

Two Days Later

International Confederation of Wizards

Located under the Peace Palace, The Hague

The International Confederation of Wizards was formed in 1692 to write and ensure compliance of various portions of the Wizarding World to the International Statute of Secrecy. In earlier times, meetings rotated through various countries, before eventually, after World War I, settling with the Muggle international organizations in The Hague. They absolutely refused to move to New York when the UN was founded, so they stayed there.

Today, it was used as a forum to address international issues about muggles (namely those 'satellite thingys') and individual country issues (for example the laughably backward British Ministry for Magic) and international crises ( Grindenwald and, to a lesser extent, Voldemort.) Today's meeting dealt with the latter two.

The international community was in an uproar. Voldemort returned, it was confirmed by the Boy-Who-Lived, who saw it happen. The worst part was that the British Ministry was in such a state of denial. This meeting would probably be the most interesting meeting they've had for a very long time.



Albus Dumbledore was concerned. He knew that the British were going to recall him, thus ending his 51 year reign as Supreme Mugwump. That he didn't mind. However, he was worried about who they would pick to replace him. He certainly didn't want a pureblood like Lucius Malfoy.

He arrived in the chamber and the sergeant-at-arms called the meeting to order, "This Emergency Meeting of the International Confederation of Wizards is called to order, Chief Mugwump Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore presiding."

"Thank you is there any business of procedure before we begin?"

Minister Fudge, who had joined in the British seats stood up. At this point Albus noticed Lucius Malfoy and Delores Umbridge sitting next to him, oh, damn.

"At this time the British wish to recall Albus Dumbledore from the ICW with our thanks."

Outrage and chaos sparked the chamber everyone was pointing and yelling, every language was being hurled toward the British seats, who shrunk back in fear. After a couple of bangs emanated from Dumbledore's wand, everyone shut up and sat down.

"Please continue, Minister."

Fudge's face briefly turned a lovely shade of puce before he settled down. "The British believe it is time for us to move forward in a new direction with a new generation."

The people in the chamber were finding it very hard to contain their laughter at this point.

"Thank you for those kind words, Minister Fudge, I will step down gracefully and wish this esteemed body well in the future." Dumbledore smiled, waved, and apparated up a level, taking a seat next to Minister Delacour, who was sitting in the VIP visitors section.

The elderly sergeant-at-arms took the podium; he had only done this once before in his career, fifty years ago.

"The Acting Chair will now accept nominations for the office of Supreme Mugwump."

Minister Fudge stood again, "Britain nominates Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, he is a fine, upstanding member of the magical community."

"Is there a second?"

Jean-Pierre gave a nod to the head of the French Delegation.

"The French will second, on the condition that Mr. Malfoy agrees to undergo Veritaserum questioning before this august body to resolve the ongoing investigation by the French Government into the accusations of his allegiance to the person self identified as Lord Voldemort."

For the record, no one outside of the British Seats shuddered.

"The United States seconds the French stipulation."

"Albania also supports."

At this point everyone started calling for Veritaserum.

The Sergeant-at-Arms produced a loud bang.

"Mr. Malfoy, will you submit to the questioning?"

"I will not, and this is most certainly not an august body if they take the word of a little boy over its higher citizens," Malfoy then apparated out.

"The Acting Chair will take that as a sign of Mr. Malfoy's decline of the British Nomination. Are there any other nominations?"

Fudge stood again, "Britain nominates Delores Jane Umbridge, a fine member of the community with excellent wholesome values."

"Is there a second?"

"Burkina Faso, seconds." The British had offered them several trade concessions to second the nomination.

"Are there any other nominations?"

Jean-Pierre nodded to the head of the Delegation again, and shoved two boxes into Dumbledore's hands.

"Put those on now, Albus!"

Albus opened them. Oh, damn. Inside was a sash, two medals and a star.

"Jean-Pierre, I can't, you know."

"Just do it."

"France nominates Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Order of Merlin 1st Class, Grand'croix, Légion d'honneur, and Compagnon de la Libération, Ordre de la Libération."

Cheering and pandemonium ensued.

"Britain, objects, Mr. Dumbledore is not a French Citizen, and therefore you cannot nominate him."

"Mr. Dumbledore was awarded French Citizenship in 1945 after his defeat of Grindenwald."

The Chair spoke, "Then the nomination is valid, is there a second."

"Germany seconds and requests a voice vote so the stupid British can stop wasting our time."

"You are out of order, Germany! Is there a second to the voice vote request?"

"The United States seconds."

"Motion carried, are there any other nominees?"

Nope.

"Then we will vote. All voting for Delores Jane Umbridge please say Aye now."

"Aye." The British section was the only one that voted for her. Even Burkina Faso had given up.

The Acting Chair put his fingers in his ears, "all those voting for Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, please say Aye now," he finished with a squeak.

"AYE!"

The response practically brought down the building.

"Very well then, by a sheer overwhelming majority Albus Dumbledore has been selected as Supreme Mugwump. Congratulations."

He stood off to the side as Dumbledore apparated back down to the podium.

"I thank this august body for the faith it has placed in me and send my best regards to Miss Umbridge." Delores looked very angry and now appearance of a lovely blueberry.

"Shall we move on to new business then?"

"Britain," good grief they didn't know when to give up, "would like to propose a statement censuring Jean-Pierre Delacour for slandering the good name of the British Ministry for Magic with his false and completely untrue statements concerning the supposed return of the Dark Lord and for interfering in an internal matter."

"The proposal is on the table, are there any statements concerning this proposal?"

"Albania objects, Voldemort was seen in Albania as recently as last year, thus making his return an international matter."

"Objection noted, anyone else?"

"France objects, the statements in question were given under high quality veritaserum and to a legal grade dictation set, also we are offended by the statements made."

"Any other objections?"

Nope.

"Then let's bring the matter to a vote, all those in favor of the proposal?"

"Aye," once again the British stood alone.

"Opposed?"

"NAY!"

"Motion defeated. Any other new business."

"France would like to propose a statement of support of Harry Potter and the official acceptance of his testimony into the record." It had been agreed ahead of time to not censure Britain because that would give them an excuse to withdraw from the ICW.

"Are there any objections?"

Finally the British had enough sense to shut up.

"Very well then, all those in favor?"

"AYE!"

"All opposed?"

"Nay." The British once again.

"Motion carried."

At this time the meeting turned to more mundane things, such as cauldron bottoms, and the latest satellite issues, and how to deal with the emerging presence of cell phones, and magical interference (eventually they decided to develop the term "dead zone" to describe a loss of reception.) All in all the meeting went normally.

Three Days Later

Buckingham Palace

President Jacques Chirac, Minister Jean-Pierre Delacour, and the Director of the British Library, with one of the four surviving original 1215 copies of the Magna Carta, made their way to the Queen's office, where they met HM Elizabeth II and Prime Minister John Major.

The aide outside announced them, "President Jacques Chirac and Minister Jean-Pierre Delacour of France, and the Director of the British Library."

The Queen rose and shook President Chirac's hand, "President Chirac, welcome to the United Kingdom and congratulations on your election."

"Thank you, Your Majesty. I am happy to be here and thankful to the British People for the welcome they have given me."

The Queen then turned to Jean-Pierre, who promptly introduced himself, "Minister Jean-Pierre Delacour of the French Republic."

Both of them cleared their throats and looked over at the Director.

"Thank you for coming director, please leave the Magna Carta there and Gerald will take you to my private library, there are several rare books in there I think you will enjoy."

"Thank you, ma'am." The director left.

The Queen gestured to the three to sit in a small sitting area. They all sat.

"I must say, President Chirac, this meeting you requested is quite unusual."

"As is the topic we are here to discuss, Jean-Pierre?"

"Your Majesty, does the name Voldemort mean anything to you?"

Major looked stunned, and the Queen quirked an eyebrow, "What exactly are you minister of, Minister Delacour?"

"Magic."

"Ah, yes, I thought so, yes, I am briefed on the matter, well to the best of our knowledge anyway."

"Has your ministry informed you that he has returned?"

"What, I thought he was dead, I thought the Potter boy killed him?" Major was even more shocked than last time.

"No, not dead, he just entered a noncorporal form."

"Like a ghost?"

"No, he had more of a connection to the earth, he was all here, just didn't have a body, until about a week ago when he managed to use a dark magic ritual to gain a body, killed a student, and dueled Mr. Potter."

"Why wouldn't they have told us?"

"Because, ma'am, they don't believe it happened, they have accused Mr. Potter and his supporters of being insane, attention seeking, brats."

"And why should we believe Mr. Potter?"

"Because, save Magical Britain, everyone else does. Your Majesty, within the past week the British Ministry for Magic has gone from being a mild embarrassment to being the laughing stock of the wizarding world. France passed a statement of support of Mr. Potter and an offer of assistance to the British. The International Confederation of Wizards, the magical equivalent of the UN, also passed a statement of support of Mr. Potter."

"What can We do Minister, We do not control the Magicals."

"Actually, you do ma'am, at least, I think you do."

"What makes you say that?"

"Back during World War II, the French Ministry had sided with the Free French movement, although we had been very nearly forced to side with Germany, because of the fact that we worked with whoever controlled the seat of government, Paris, before these

events. We were struggling to find a solution to separate us from the German controlled government. Eventually, we just ignored the Germans and sided with the de jure government.

"The point to this story was that after the war, the French Minister was at a party with the British Minister and retelling these events. The British Minister had regarded that they never had that problem, because they had hidden the rights of the Monarchy back when they separated the Wizards Council from the Monarchy with a variety of notice-me-not and muggle repelling charms placed on the document in question. That would be the Magna Carta."

"You mean to tell me that they have modified the Magna Carta?"

"Correct, ma'am, and I can restore it, may I?"

"Please do, Minister."

Jean-Pierre walked over to the Magna Carta and flicked his wand over it in a jerky motion and magically text started to appear. Everyone leaned over and started to read it.

"Oh, my God!"

"If this is right, then..."

"The Ministry for Magic is not supposed to exist!"

"What?"

"Look, look here, 'Where as the Esteemed Council of Wizards shall not, under any circumstances, change or alter its composition or structure without the express written permission of the Monarchy."

"So that means what exactly?"

"That when they changed the Council into the Ministry, they violated the contract, meaning that the Ministry does not have the right to exist and therefore, control of the peoples under the jurisdiction of the Council revert back to the direct control of the Monarch. Meaning you, ma'am."

"Well it's not like We can enforce it."



"Actually, you can, this is a magical document, as the current reigning Monarch of Britain and Ireland you can just say, 'We, Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Our other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith do hereby declare the Council of Wizards to be in violation of the Magna Carta Liberatum and terminate its right to rule effective immediately,' and voila, no more issues."

"We just have to say that?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't do it just now, even if you remove the ministry, the people will not support you, for the simple reason that you are a muggle and not worth their time of day. However, if you were to do this after the ministry admits their foolishness, then you would be seen as a conquering hero, cleaning up corruption and an all together better choice."

"But what will we do until then, how will we protect the people?"

"I have been authorized by my government to issue you whatever support you may need," Jean-Pierre got a conspiratorial look in his eyes and said, "I think it is time for some joint Franco-British counterterrorism operations."

"I agree Minister; do you have certain people in mind?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

They worked late into the night, called in a few other people, and hammered out a plan. A special group of French Aurors would start operating in Britain tomorrow, to cover for their highly incompetent counterparts.

AN: Please Review! Thanks to those who have.

AN2: Next chapter we will return to Harry's issues

AN3: Can anyone find the obscure historical reference in this chapter?

## Chapter 11

Surprises on Privet Drive

Six Days Ago

Office of the Headmaster

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

North of Hogsmeade, Scotland, United Kingdom

"Let's move on to Harry's plans for the summer," Dumbledore sighed before turning to Harry, "Harry, you need to go back to the Dursley's."

Harry wanted to scream and shout, but he kept his cool, "why?"

"Because of the blood protections around the house. Although Voldemort might now have your blood running through him, he cannot enter the wards of the house because of the intent based wards surrounding the property. It is the safest place in the world for you, at the moment."

"Alright then, I'll go to the Dursleys and Fleur and Gabrielle can stay with you, Jean-Pierre."

"Actually, they can't."

"What do you mean, why can't they?" Now Harry was getting annoyed.

"Your bonds with both Gabrielle and Fleur are at a critical stage. Gabrielle will be going through her flash puberty any day now and your bond with Fleur is tenuous already with the effect the tournament had on it. There is no way that you can leave each other's sides for more than a few hours."

While Jean-Pierre was talking Harry had noted confusion, apprehension and outright panic on his Veela's faces.

"Girls, the reason why I'm asking this is because I don't want to have to subject you to the evil that is Dursley. I'd rather have you living your lives than suffering through this with me."

Gabrielle took Harry's hand in her own and smiled at him, "Harry, remember, you are our life, we are your shadows, wherever you go, we follow, happily."

Dumbledore took this moment to interject, "Harry, the Dursleys will not bother you."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Right now, I can't, but if Jean-Pierre's meeting with the Queen goes well, then we should be able to bring considerable pressure down on the Dursleys. If they try anything, well, they'll be in a whole lot of trouble with the muggles."

"Really?"

"Yes, Harry, Albus and I have developed a backup plan to secure your safety and end the Dursley issue once and for all if they should try anything."

"Good." Harry was feeling much better now that the Dursleys were taken care of.

Jean-Pierre then took two devices the size of a lighter out of his pocket and handed one to both Fleur and Gabrielle.

"Girls, these are your new panic buttons, they are much better than the old ones and have much better range."

The girls nodded and pocketed the buttons

"Well, I think that's about it for this meeting, unless you had any questions, Harry."

"What is this 'considerable pressure' anyway?"

"Ah, that, Harry, is a surprise."

Harry nodded and turned to leave, Fleur and Gabrielle following him. They arrived back in his quarters without any issues and sat down in the sitting room. Harry reflected on the day's events. He realized that he had forgotten something. He had to talk to Fleur, especially about what he had learned this morning.

"Gabrielle, why don't you go out for a while? I need to talk with Fleur."

"Yes, Harry," Gabrielle stood and departed, apparently with some idea of what she was going to do. Harry stood and sat next to Fleur on the couch. Now that he was there he had no idea what to say.

"Fleur, Gabrielle told me what happened, at the French Ministry. I wanted to know if there was anything I can do to make you more comfortable?"

"Master, don't worry about me, my past will have no effect on the," she paused here, "performance of my duties to you."

Huh? What was she talking about? "Duties?"

"Yes, while I appreciate how you have acted toward Gabrielle it is perfectly understandable and expected that you would want to make use of me."

Harry was a bit lost, what was she talking about, 'make use of'? Oh. She didn't seriously think that Harry would...or did she?

"Fleur you don't seriously think that I would, how did you put it, 'make use of' you?"

"Of course I do."

"And how would you feel about this?"

Fleur sighed, "Master, how I feel is irrelevant."

"No, it's not. Now tell me how you would feel?"

"I, I would not feel happy about it, but—"

"But nothing Fleur, I will not take advantage of you. If later down the road your feelings change, then we will address it. The bond hasn't settled yet, you may still feel different later. I want you and I to have a relationship because we want to, not because you feel obligated to. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

Harry started getting a little red faced, after the conversation they just had, "It's Harry, Fleur, not Master. Now, I'll arrange to have Dobby move my stuff out of the study and turn it into your bedroom. Then, I'll have him transfer your stuff down here from your manor."

Fleur, smiled, then laughed, "Harry, we're leaving in five days, there's no need to move my stuff down here, besides, even though I come from a big Chateau, my sister and I have shared a bed since she was two."

"Really?"

"Yes, she was persistently afraid of the dark, so I offered to let her sleep in my bed, eventually, it became permanent."

Harry chuckled. He remembered the first night where he shared a bed with Gabrielle. "Did she always curl up around your leg?"

"No, never, why do you ask?"

"It's something she always does with me."

"Oh."

That night, Fleur saw what he meant. Their sleeping pattern, while awkward was much better than the night before. Gabrielle was curled up by Harry's right leg, in a position that would be extremely uncomfortable to anyone, but her and on the left was Fleur, resting in the crook of Harry's arm.

Eight Days Later (Two Days After Jean-Pierre's meeting with the Queen)

Master Bedroom

#### 4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging, Surrey, England, United Kingdom

Vernon Dursley usually didn't wake at night; he was a very sound sleeper. However, he recently has been suffering from a stuffy nose and therefore finds the necessity of waking at all hours. The problem with waking up is that he can never get back to sleep. After going down to the parlor and getting a Scotch, Vernon walked back upstairs. Before turning in again, he decided to stop and peak in on his freak of a nephew, Potter. Vernon truly hated Potter and his freakishness for ruining his family's perfectly normal life. He gently unlocks the lock on the freaks door and opens it. First Vernon peaks in, but when he see's what's on the bed, he slams the door open and shouts, "What the hell is going on!"

The Same Time

The Smallest Bedroom

#### 4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging, Surrey, England, United Kingdom

Gabrielle was a light sleeper. To get to Harry's room had taken a little bit of creative thinking on the part of her and Fleur. They had arrived shortly after Harry arrived home on the Hogwarts Express. Their entry method would have been worthy of a movie. Both, covered in invisibility suits (a thing sort of like cloaks but form fitting), climbed a trellis near his window and leaped in with almost cat-like agility. Fleur had brought an auto resizing bed that unfortunately took up the whole room (Papa had promised it was a temporary measure, he was sending out a Long Term Operations Tent from the Auror's Office tomorrow). So they had made the bed and settled down to sleep.

Until it was interrupted by the strangest and most annoying noise in history. Vernon Dursley's shout had awoken her. Instinctively, she reached to her side of the bed and hit the panic button that her father had given her.

The Same Time

Surveillance Van

Across the Street from 4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging, Surrey, England, United Kingdom.

Nymphadora Tonks, formerly of the British Auror Department, now of the French Auror Department, and member of the Order of the Phoenix, currently on VIP Protection /liaison duties in cooperation with the Diplomatic Protection Group, Special Branch and the Security Service (commonly known as MI5) was having one hell of a week.

After their treatment of Harry Potter, Tonks saw the British Ministry for Magic for what it was, a corrupt, idiotic organization. She turned in her badge to Director Bones, who was disappointed to see her go but completely understood why.

The next day she was quietly approached by Alastor Moody, who told her of an organization that was fighting to defeat Voldemort.

That night she attended her first Order of the Phoenix meeting. When she mentioned who she was and why she left the ministry, Headmaster Dumbledore suggested seeing if the French would offer her a job. So the next morning, against her better thinking, she called the French Auror Service. And somehow found herself in the Minister's Office. The minister decided that she would be excellent for the 'joint counterterrorism exercise' their countries would be participating in. 'Joint Counterterrorism Exercise' being, of course, a diplomatic term for saying that the Queen of England has absolutely no faith in her own Magical Law Enforcement and therefore is asking the French for assistance. Assistance they were only too happy to provide.

So, after a brief orientation, she was practically shoved on an Air France flight back to England, with her new boss, Louis Lafleur, the head of Minister's Security Group, where they met up with Agent John Smith ("yes, that's my real name") of the Diplomatic Protection Group. Their mission was simple. Protect the residence of Harry Potter from all external and internal threats. Minister Delacour was quite clear on that, he was also clear on one more thing, don't use magic, unless the bad guys do.

So they weren't surprised when the panic button went off. They threw open the van door and ran across the street. Agent Smith took the copy of the front door key he had lifted when they got there. They quietly entered the house and walked down the hall to the stairs, Agent Smith and Auror Lafleur were in the front, both of them armed with muggle weaponry, Tonks was covering the rear with her wand. They could hear some very distinct yelling.

"How dare you bring more freaks into this house, we are good upstanding people and you bring these whores into our house!"

"Don't you dare call them whores, they're better people than you'll ever be!"

"Why you little..." Then they heard a soft thump, the sound of someone falling, and then crying. The agents ran.

Vernon Dursley, of course, didn't notice the three Agents/Aurors running up the stairs, he turned to the girls, "Now time to deal with you little..."

"FREEZE! Police, Get your hands on your head now!"

Vernon of course just didn't know when to stop, "Let me guess more freaks?"

"No, Mr. Dursley, I am Agent John Smith of the Diplomatic Protection Group of the Metropolitan Police Service. Right now, I have a Glock 17 pointed at your head. To my left is Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Lafleur of the French Gendarmerie, he has a French Beretta 92 pointed at your head. His partner, Captain Nyphadora Tonks is behind me. So, I will ask you again to put your hands on your head and get down on your knees, or I will fire."

By this time the other Dursleys were up. Dudley was busy staring at Fleur and Gabrielle while Petunia was shouting at Vernon to just do what they say.

He did, Smith cuffed him while Lafleur ran to comfort the girls, Tonks checked on Harry who wasn't out cold, just a bit disoriented.

"Wotcher, Harry, I'm Tonks, I'm with the French Aurors, You took quite a nasty blow to the head. Are you alright?"



"Yeah, I'm just a little woozy."

Gabrielle escaped Louis's grasp and ran to him.

"Harry, are you alright?"

"Who are you?"

"Harry it's me, Gabrielle."

"Gabrielle, you're older."

It was true; Gabrielle now looked to be about the age of fourteen.

AN: Please Review, Thanks to those who have.

AN2: For the record, I do not have any firsthand experience with Law Enforcement in the UK or France, all of my information comes from the internet.

## Chapter 12

Vive la France

The Middle of the Night

The Smallest Bedroom

4 Privet Drive

Little Whinging, Surrey, England, United Kingdom

Gabrielle escaped Louis's grasp and ran to him.

"Harry, are you alright?"

"Who are you?"

"Harry it's me, Gabrielle."

"Gabrielle, you're older."

It was true; Gabrielle now looked to be about the age of fourteen.

Harry was amazed by Gabrielle's beauty, or maybe it was just a concussion, "Gabrielle, you are so beautiful."

Gabrielle giggled, "Why thank you, Harry." Harry then did something so, bold and unthinkable, it surprised even Gabrielle.

He kissed her.

There are no words to describe how they felt in that moment. They both became lost in themselves, until Lafleur cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry to interrupt but it's clear that you are no longer safe here in England, Monsieur Potter, therefore Auror Tonks and I will be evacuating you to France immediately. If you and your ladies could gather up your stuff, the motorcade will be here shortly."

"Um, motorcade?"

Agent Tonks responded, "Yes, Harry, motorcade. Your bound companions just happen to be the daughters of a Head of State in a hostile situation, also this is part of the 'considerable pressure' that we are putting the Dursleys under. Imagine what the neighbors will say when their 'juvenile delinquent' is riding away in the Prime Minister's car."

"Actually, I was wondering why we weren't using a portkey or brooms or something like that?"

"Right now, the British Magical Government is NOT cooperating with the international magic community, so we don't trust them to not try something stupid, like throw us in jail for creating a portkey. So, we're just filling your protection while here under our 'Joint Counter-Terrorism exercise' with the muggle British Government."

"Oh."

Five minutes later, the trunks were packed, the bed auto-shrunk, and all of Harry's possessions cleared out of his room. They were met outside by an interesting sight. The Surveillance Van was gone, in its place was a dark green Jaguar X300 saloon car, on loan from the Prime Minister's Office, two Range Rovers, and several officers on motorbikes from the Metropolitan Police's Special Escort Group. Also in attendance was a Prisoner Transport Van where Vernon Dursley was resisting the officers that were trying to put him in it. Much to his (and his wife's) horror, a full siren blaring motorcade, complete with the Prime Minister's car, did wake up all their neighbors. Said neighbors were shocked at the treatment that both Vernon and Harry (the 'juvenile-delinquent of the neighborhood' who for some reason was being led to the Prime Minister's car instead of the Prisoner Transport Van) were receiving.

As they were walking to the motorcade, Harry turned to Tonks, "So they're arresting Uncle Vernon?"

"We're charging him with assault, but we're not sure if it'll stick or not."

Harry, Fleur, Gabrielle and Tonks entered the Jaguar, while Smith and Lafleur got in one of the following Range Rovers. A few minutes later, they were at an isolated parking stand at Heathrow International Airport, where a French Air Force Dassault Falcon 900

was waiting for them. After Lafleur had a brief conversation with Smith (who was staying in England), they were airborne, heading to the south of France.

Harry enjoyed the flight because he actually got to sleep alone for a change. The girls, on the other hand, didn't; they missed Harry, who, along with Auror Lafleur, refused to break safety regulations and Harry's legs by letting them all sit in one seat.

Two hours later, the group had landed at an airport in the Pyrénées Mountains and quickly stepped into an armored and magically modified Citroën XM before heading to the official safe house of the French Minister for Magic.

The Next Morning

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Chateau Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

The Château Fort de Lourdes is very old. It's origins date back to the time of the Romans. The "modern" structure that exists today has been built over a time between the 11th and 18th centuries. The Minister's Bunker was secretly constructed in the rock underneath the fort after the muggle Second World War. During the war, the Germans, who were allied with Gellert Grindenwald, had taken control of the country and come very close to destroying the home of the then minister, forcing him and his family to live out of his suite of offices under the Place de la Bastille. The French decided that a fortified home/office/command center for the Minister and his support staff was needed for emergencies, so the Bunker was born. The Bunker's wards and fortifications are consistently ranked among the best in the world.

The morning after Harry, his girls, and the Aurors arrived through a secret garage and treated Harry's concussion, five relatively awake people could be found around a small table in the kitchen eating a traditional French breakfast (coffee, bread and jam). After finishing, Auror Lafleur outlined the schedule for the next two months.

"Okay, we have less than two months to train you Monsieur Potter; Supreme Mugwump Dumbledore wants you back in the UK by your birthday. During this time, Tonks and I will instruct you in such things as basic hand-to-hand combat and firearm use. Later, depending on a forthcoming decision from the French Magical Parliament about a special exemption from the underage magic laws, we will begin instructing you in offensive and defensive spell casting. After this two month period we will reevaluate where we stand and also develop a supplemental Defense Against the Dark Arts curriculum for you to take next year. Any questions?"

There were none.

"Very good. Today, we will be starting on firearm training on the range downstairs. Afterwards, Minister Delacour has asked to speak with you, Monsieur Potter."

They stood up and Lafleur led them down to one of the bunker's sub basements where a standard shooting range was laid out. Gabrielle and Fleur went to the wall of weapons and each pulled a Walther PPK off the wall. The gun was light, yet powerful. Lafleur motioned for Tonks and Harry to stand back. The girls expertly went to their respective lanes and opened fire on two targets that had been hung up. After they were done, the targets were retracted and Harry saw that both girls had a very respectable aim.

"Minister Delacour has been teaching his girls how to shoot for a few years now; they're a regular fixture at the Auror's Range in Paris. Come, Monsieur Potter, let's see how you do." He handed him a gun, exactly like his own. "This, Monsieur Potter, is a PAMAS G1, a French Version of the Beretta 92 that is loaded with 15 rounds of 9 mm ammunition..."

Three Hours Later

Harry's Suite

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Chateau Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry Potter was not pleased with his performance this morning. It turns out that shooting a gun is nothing like shooting a spell. Although, Auror Lafleur said he did well, Harry just couldn't get used to being bested by Fleur and Gabrielle, in addition to Tonks, who just started today as well.

Speaking of Tonks, she had just entered the suite.

"Wotcher, Harry."

"Hello, Tonks," Harry replied, with a bit of glumness.

"What's wrong?"

"I just felt that I wasn't any good at the firearms training today."

"I think you did great, remember, you're a beginner."

"So are you."

"Not exactly, I'm just out of practice," at Harry's confused look she explained, "My father was a military brat growing up. His father taught him how to shoot. Even though he didn't actually join himself, he still kept in practice. When I was about twelve he started teaching me. However, the British Auror Service (damn them) refuses to allow its members to carry muggle weapons. Probably, because the Purebloods would be pants at shooting a thing they've never seen before. So, I started focusing on spells instead of bullets. Harry, my advice to you would be to forget everything about using a wand when using a gun, they are completely different." Tonks nodded to him and left.

Now, he was waiting for Jean-Pierre to arrive. He was standing by the Floo waiting for it to glow green, when Jean-Pierre stepped in through the door, giving Harry a brief jolt of surprise.

"Hello, Harry."

"Hello, Jean-Pierre, how did you get here?"

"I have a portkey to this place on me at all times. How goes the training?"

"Well, it's sort of hard to believe that Fleur and Gabrielle are that good at shooting a gun."

"Keep in mind, Harry, they have been doing this for a while; you just started today."

"Yeah, I just figured I'd be better at it."

"Shooting a gun is nothing like casting a spell, trust me; I can do both very well. Now, there is something I wanted to talk to you about. As you know I only have two children, both of whom have managed to end up in your custody. This has left me without a direct heir. Therefore I have a proposition for you. I would like to adopt you."

"Um, what?" Harry's mind went completely blank.

Jean-Pierre repeated himself, slowly, "I would like to adopt you, to name you my son and heir."

Now that it had gotten through Harry's (rather thick) head what he was asking, he was quite overjoyed.

"You want to adopt me, that's great," he paused, as he remembered something important, "but wait, what about Gabrielle and Fleur?"

"Technically and legally, they are now Potters like you. However, if you took my offer you would become Harry James Potter-Delacour. There are several advantages to my offer. First, it grants you French citizenship. Second, as the son and primary heir of the Minister for Magic, I can provide you and with a security detail. Third, it will provide just enough confusion to slow the British legal system, if they try something, which I'm certain they will. So, do you want to be my son, Harry?"

"I would be honored, Monsieur Delacour."

"Oh, good, and it's Jean-Pierre, or Papa, if you want. Now," he pulled out a stack of papers, "just sign here, initial here, put a drop of your blood here and we're all done. Congratulations, Mr. Potter-Delacour. Congratulations, son."

There was suddenly a loud squeal like sound behind them. Gabrielle ran up and tackled Harry to the ground before starting to snog him

senseless. Until, of course Monsieur Delacour (Papa) got over the shock of seeing his eight year old daughter looking like a teenager and the fact that she was snogging her Master on the floor of Harry's sitting room.

"Hem, hem."

Gabrielle, very reluctantly, dragged her mouth (and the rest of her) off of Harry and looked at her father.

"Yes, well, congratulations again, Harry. I love your new look, my darling little girl, but please remember that your father does not want to see you snogging someone." The flustered Jean-Pierre nodded to Harry and quickly portkeyed out.

This left Gabrielle and Harry alone on the floor of his sitting room. Gabrielle was eying Harry, almost in a hungry manner. However when she realized her Master was confused out of all recognition and a bit scared she forced herself to calm down.

"Harry, Master, we have to talk."

AN1: Please review. Thanks to those who have.

AN2: The next chapter will start with Gabrielle and Harry talking about where they go from here. So, where do you think they should go from here?

AN3: Now, time for a bit of mundane, but researched historical information featured in this chapter.

The dark green Jaguar X300 Saloon car featured in this chapter was the official vehicle used by the Prime Minister of the UK during this time period.

Range Rovers and Motorcycles are indeed used by the aptly named Special Escort Group, responsible for escorting VIPs in motorcades

The Dassault Falcon 900 used in this chapter is one of the aircraft that is used by the French Air Force to transport the French President and other VIPs



The Citroen was the car used to transport the President of France in this time

The Chateau Fort does exist in real life. It is a fort like structure built into the rock face of the Pyrenees mountains in Lourdes, France

The Walther PPK is a gun that is most famous for being used by James Bond, among others (Adolf Hitler used a PPK to kill himself at the end of WWII).

## Chapter 13

### Training and Thoughts

AN : First, I apologize for the time it took to get to this chapter, my brain was quite stuck on my Battlestar Galactica and Chuck fanfics, because I have a planned endgame for my BSG fic and Chuck has been very much in my mind.

Second, I want to address an anonymous review from "dre" who stopped reading in Chapter 5 and posted this review: "This is a very cliché story, your story is also wrapped in a neat little package where there is no conflict. It just seems like you wrote this to get your rocks off." Well, you stopped reading before the conflict started and IF I WROTE THIS STORY TO 'get my rocks off' THEN WHY HAVE THE CHARACTERS GONE FOR TWELVE CHAPTERS WITHOUT HAVING SEX?

Ahem, and now our story.

Gabrielle and Harry were alone on the floor of his sitting room. Gabrielle was eying Harry, almost in a hungry manner. However when she realized her Master was confused out of all recognition and a bit scared she forced herself to calm down.

"Harry, Master, we have to talk."

Harry's Suite

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Chateau Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry Potter was currently in a bit of a strange situation, one of his bonded Veela companions had been acting slightly out of control, especially with all this kissing as of late. It actually sort of scared him.

"Yeah, the whole tackling me and snogging thing might have given that away."

"Well, this is something that is hard to talk about; I'm not exactly sure where to start."

But, before she could start Tonks came into the room, "Come on, Harry, your hand-to-hand training is starting."

Harry looked at Gabrielle who had seemed to return to her normal composure, she made a shooing motion with her hands, "Go, Harry, we'll talk later."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I have to think about what to say anyway."

Harry shrugged and walked off with Tonks, "I have no idea what has gotten into her today."

"Dilated pupils, flushed skin, increased respiration, and an inability to sit still; the only time I saw her focused was on the range this morning, and that was probably reflexes."

"But what does it mean?"

"I think that Gabrielle is suffering from a severe case of sexual frustration?"

"What?"

"She's horny as hell, Harry."

"I know what you mean, I'm just wondering why?"

"Ah, yes, well lucky for you they had me read up on this sort of stuff before they gave me this assignment. Hmm, how do I explain this?" Tonks thought for a moment before her eyes brightened, "Okay, think of Gabrielle's sex drive as a can of Coke."

"Okay..."

"Right, now think that for the past eight years this can has been sitting on a shelf not moving, with me so far?"

"Yes."

"Good, now imagine Gabrielle's flash puberty as being someone shaking the can, it get's all pressurized and if you open the can it overflows."

"So, you mean—"

"Gabrielle is all pressurized and she will keep getting pressurized until the seals on the can fail and it blows apart."

"Well, it can't be that bad if she can control it."

"If a Veela sex drive is a can, than a human's is a balloon. Harry, Veelas are much more in tune with their sexuality than humans, therefore, they are better able to control it. If Gabrielle were human then she'd be a raving sex crazed maniac now."

Harry sighed, "If she were human than we wouldn't be in this situation in the first place."

Tonks turned to look at him, one eyebrow quirked.

"Oh, Tonks, don't get me wrong, I love Gabrielle, but she's just—"

"She's not eight anymore, Harry. Actually, I don't know what age she is. Mentally, I think she's a bit more mature than you maybe, mid-fourteen or so. Physically, I think she's a bit younger than you, probably she just reached her thirteenth birthday, but she's what they call an 'early bloomer.'"

By this time they had reached the hand-to-hand training room, which pretty much was a room covered in mirrors and a floor covered in mats. Harry noticed that Tonks had changed her appearance. Before, she was a very attractive woman; now, she was even more so; she seemed to look a lot more athletic and muscular.

"Um, Tonks, you look different."

"Good of you to notice, Harry. One of the problems with being a Metamorphagus, someone who can change their appearance at will, is that it is very hard to change our sense of balance along with our physical body. Our sense of balance usually stays in sync with our

base form, which is what you see now. Obviously, I tone it down a bit because I'd rather blend in a little."

Harry nodded, he'd rather blend in too.

"Okay, Harry, do you have any previous hand-to-hand combat training?"

"No, most of my life was running from bullies, not confronting them."

"Fine, now you're going to learn how to confront them. Now attack me."

"What?"

"Attack me."

"But, Tonks, you're a—"

"A what? A girl?"

"Well, yes."

"Harry, even though I'm a girl, I'm also rather dangerous. Observe."

So, Tonks attacked, Harry. Faster than he could imagine, she landed a right cross to his head, swept his leg, causing him to fall on his back, and had her foot on his throat.

"Now, Harry, from this position, I can do a lot of damage to you, among other things I can crush your throat and kill you. You are going to learn how to counter this, and how to do this. But first, you're going to learn how to fall. I'd hate to say it, but you're in for a world of pain, Harry."

Meanwhile, Back in,

Harry's Suite

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Chateau Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Gabrielle stood at the magically charmed window looking out at the town and sanctuary below the fort. She honestly didn't know what to do about her master. She had years of sexual frustration that built up overnight. At first, she didn't notice because of the stress and adrenaline running through her after the events on Privet Drive, but now it was clearly affecting her.

She still held out some hope for Harry taking the initiative on her own, after all he kissed her on Privet Drive, but he had completely froze up a few minutes ago. Gabrielle honestly didn't know whether or not to take the lead on it.

Previously, when she had thrown herself at Harry, not out of want, or need, but out of desperation to not lose him to someone else, Harry had insisted that it would be inappropriate for them to be together, and implied that he would tell her when he was ready, which wouldn't be until after she was ready. Well, now she was ready, but was Harry?

She eventually determined that she wouldn't have any choice but to let Harry take the lead in this. Their bond would interpret his standing "orders" as they were, unless there was a significant threat to Harry's life. Rightfully, in Gabrielle's somewhat twisted opinion due to the bond, the bond did not take any concern for her own well being. Unfortunately, in Gabrielle's somewhat less twisted opinion, this would severely limit her actions to keep her from dying.

Gabrielle sighed, she wasn't worried for herself, but for Harry and what effect her death might have on him. However, for some reason, the bond, and she subconsciously, thought he would recover in a reasonable amount of time; after all, he did have Fleur. Gabrielle was indeed dying, the increase frustration and tension would exponentially increase over the next few weeks, slowly causing her to go insane, to the point where she could, conceivably, lose control and hurt Harry, something that she did not want to do. She already had earlier, before she managed to clamp down on her feelings enough. So, before she would lose complete control, the bond would act. The bond would act as fail-safe, a self destruct that would kill her before she could bring harm to him.

Gabrielle eventually made a decision; she would talk to him tonight and try to make him see that she was ready now. But, she would not guilt him into it. That would ruin the whole point.

"Have a lot on your mind, Gabrielle?"

Gabrielle turned to see Fleur leaning against the door to the study. Fleur looked a little morose and pensive too.

"Yes, yes I do. You have a lot on your mind as well?"

"Yes, yes I do. Don't worry, sister, Harry will do the right thing."

"I hope so."

"I trust he will. In fact, I think I'll move out for the evening."

"Really?"

"Yes, clearly you are...ready to take your bond with Harry to the next level. I am not. So, I really don't want to be around when you, um, do it."

"Okay."

Fleur awkwardly nodded and left to return to her own pondering.

About an Hour Later

Hand-to-Hand Combat Training Room

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Chateau Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry was slowly learning. Unfortunately, the process took him being knocked on his butt continuously. However, he had now learned about how to minimize the pain of falling and adjusting his center of gravity so he'd fall in a certain way.

Now he was ready to try something else. As Tonks was coming at him from behind, Harry used his quick reflexes to spin around, sweep Tonks's leg and force her to the ground. He landed above her, just inches from her face, right hand on her throat and left hand on her right arm, using his arm to pin her right hand.

Tonks smiled, "Good job, Harry!"

Suddenly the both became aware of how close they were to one another and backed off.

Tonks and Harry were still blushing as they got off the floor, "Right, well, I think that's enough for today, Harry."

"Yes, it is, Tonks."

The both walked back to Harry's study to find Gabrielle waiting for them, Tonks turned to her, "Here you go, Gabrielle. I think you know what to do."

Gabrielle gave a short laugh, "I guess you're in a lot of pain, Harry."

"Yes, oh, yes, definitely, in fact; congratulations, Tonks, you are officially worse than Voldemort's Cruciatus. "

Tonks laughed, "Wow, what an honor to be compared to an evil Dark Lord. Well I'll leave you two to it, see you tomorrow!"

Tonks turned and left, leaving Harry and Gabrielle alone. Gabrielle went to one of the cabinets and grabbed a jar

"Harry, could you take off your shirt and your pants, I've got to put this bruise relief paste on you, or else you're going to be hurting tomorrow."

"Um, what?" Harry was a little shocked by her forwardness.

"Harry, it's just a medicinal thing."

"Um, okay." Harry did what she said and laid down on the couch in the study. Gabrielle took some of the paste and deftly started rubbing it into Harry's back and neck before doing his legs. They both were silent, Harry was enjoying the lack of pain and the



limbered feeling he was now experiencing and Gabrielle was still trying to figure out how to broach the topic of her frustration. After she told Harry to flip over she then started to rub the paste on his torso.

"So, Tonks told me something interesting today. She seemed to have a theory on why you were acting so strange."

"I've been...frustrated, Harry."

"I think Tonks put it as, 'she's horny as hell.'"

Gabrielle laughed her sweet, sounds like bells, laugh, "she's right, Harry."

Harry's eyes flew open and he quickly sat up. Luckily, Gabrielle was just finishing with the paste, putting the jar away and cleaning her hands on a towel.

"You're serious."

"Yes, Harry."

"Okay, so what do we do about it?"

Gabrielle smirked, "Well, I think people have sex to deal with sexual frustration."

Harry stood up and looked down at the still shorter Gabrielle, "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Yes, Master."

"You know, I've never done this before."

Gabrielle laughed, "Neither have I, but I did get 'the talk' from my mother. I'm ready, Harry, I know I am. Are you?"

"If you are, than I am, I'm just worried, what if..." A million concerns went through his head, what if he wasn't good enough for her, what if he hurt her, what if...

His thoughts were interrupted by Gabrielle jumping into his arms, leaning down, and snogging him.

"Harry, Master, I will always, only want you."

Harry awkwardly carried her through the study to the door to his bedroom, using his improved balance skills to kick it shut behind them.

AN: Please Review, thanks to those who have.

AN2: One thing I'm starting to get concerned about in this story is the rating. While I don't think anything in this chapter is above what you would find in an average American primetime television show, I do think that it is getting up there a bit. I'd be interested to hear your thoughts on this and as always on where you think the story should go next.

## Chapter 14

### More Training and More Thoughts

6:00 AM

#### Secret Entry Hall

#### The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

#### On Street Level with The Château Fort de Lourdes

#### Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Fleur had just finished getting into her workout clothes when she met her security detail at the entrance to the bunker hidden in a small house next to the Chateau-Fort. The detail consisted of two Aurors that were chosen because of their similar appearance to Fleur and with a few glamour charms, the three were identical. They were also wearing identical clothing. After a few quick stretches the ladies put on their shoulder holsters, strapped in their Walther PPKs, attached the arm holsters for their wands and zipped up their tracksuits before opening the door.

The three stepped out in a triangle formation, with Fleur on the left and one of the Aurors in front and one on the right. With a quick wave to the top of the fort they turned right and started jogging. After reaching the first corner they rotated so that Fleur was in the front. This was one of their defenses, to continue rotating position so that no one would have any idea who was the real Fleur, a 'shell game' of sorts, along with varying their route every morning.

Fleur decided to go left, jogging down the Boulevard de la Grotte, and onto the Sanctuary perimeter road, through the Accueil or Hospital-Hotel courtyard, past the John Paul II Church and crossing the river at the Sanctuary's western most edge before coming back toward the fort. At this point in their route they jogged along the Rue de la Batuguerre for a bit before turning onto Rue de la Foret. This turned into the Avenue Monseigneur Theas next to the large hill that contained the Stations of the Cross, passing the still closed Basilica and turning on to the Avenue Bernadette Soubirous, where the souvenir shops were just opening. Their route became uphill here as they jogged back across the river and up to the hill the Chateau-Fort

was on, this time entering the public entrance and jogging to the base of the tower that overlooked the valley.

The detail stopped here, nodded to Fleur and jogged away back to one of the many entrances to the bunker, while Fleur continued up the stairs of the tower only stopping when she got to the top level that overlooked the whole valley. By this point after jogging just under a two and three-quarters of a mile through mountainous terrain and then up the tower, she was exhausted, out of breath and shaking and this was one of her shorter routes. After taking a few minutes to calm her heart rate and drink some water she walked to a hidden panel and flipped it open, entering an access code on the keypad that released a hatch in the ceiling which caused a ladder to drop down.

Contrary to the belief of the million or so pilgrims that visit Lourdes and that of its citizens, the valley is actually a lot better protected than they think. The apparently defunct and ancient Chateau-Fort is actually quite active, usually playing host to a squad of French Department of Magical Law Enforcement Officers- Reserve Branch.

The Reserve Branch is a special force of Non-Magicals such as Squibs and the relatives of Magical Persons, which plays double duty as part of the DMLE and Gendarme Corps. The hidden roof of the tower is where they operate from. Concealed behind various notice-me-not charms is a magically reinforced platform of various weapons including a flak cannon, an artillery battery, a few machine gun nests, and a sniper team. The sniper team is what brings Fleur up here.

When the French DMLE started issuing Muggle weapons to the Aurors it brought a variety of logistical and tactical problems, specifically in incorporating them into Magical Warfare. The biggest of these problems was transfiguration. How do you keep a wizard from turning your PAMAS into a rubber duck?

The French were hard pressed for an answer; the best solution they came up with was manufacturing the guns out of transfiguration-resistant alloys and material. This would hold off transfiguration by an average wizard, not someone of McGonagall or Dumbledore ability. However, any partial transfiguration would cause a gun to permanently jam and backfire, thus causing the French Auror Forces to go through more weapons than their muggle counterparts.

Eventually the protocols on using firearms were adapted to account for the fact that they could only be used at longer range and in situations where the wizards didn't have time to react, visualize, and transfigure a gun. This was by no means foolproof, thus causing most Aurors to relegate their firearms to use only in the muggle world or situations where the quick reactions were absolutely necessary. The Force did, however, come up with one foolproof solution.

There was no way in hell that any wizard or witch could transfigure a sniper rifle from over a kilometer away.

The sniper team composed of Squibs and Non-Magicals was responsible for defending the fort. They also were responsible for providing cover for Fleur on her morning runs, hence the reason she didn't jog anymore than 1,800 meters from the tower, the maximum effective range of their long range rifle, the PGM Hecate II, a massive, powerful, 50 caliber rifle.

Fleur finished climbing up the rope ladder and turned to her instructor, Louis Lafleur, "Good Morning, Louis."

"Good Morning, Fleur, how was the run?"

"Brutal as usual, where are the targets today?"

"In the Field, 850 meters north of here on a heading of 218."

Fleur nodded and moved to the crate in the center of the platform, and picked out her rifle of choice a PGM 338, loaded with .338 mm Magnum rounds. After checking the clip and picking up a few extras, she grabbed a silencer (the wards don't stop sound from traveling and the sound of a sniper rifle going off in a peaceful valley at 6:30 in the morning would be kind of noticeable) and went over to the north side of the platform. The soldier in position there quickly grabbed his rifle and moved out of her way. Fleur got prone on the ground, engaged the forearm of the rifle, took aim at the first of the targets, and fired, before adjusting her aim to the next target and firing again. After going through all ten targets and ejecting the clip, Louis grabbed his scope and checked them.

"Hmm, you're a bit off today, Fleur, you need to relax a bit."

Fleur just grumbled and ejected the clip, before inserting a new one. She knew why she was off, it was the same reason she had taken the shorter route. Her mind was on Harry's bedroom downstairs, specifically what her Master and sister were doing.

7:00 AM

Harry's Suite

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry's alarm gently buzzed, pulling him back into consciousness. After leaning over to shut it off, he looked at the woman who was snuggling against him. Last night was amazing, perhaps the best night of his life. Making love was wonderful and the bond made it even better. The bond seemed to take a whole new level with the physical contact involved. It seemed to make Gabrielle anticipate his...desires. It made the experience so much better.

Harry allowed himself a brief moment to indulge in the memory before turning to wake his bonded companion up.

"Good morning."

Gabrielle murmured, "Good morning, Master. How did you sleep?"

"Very well and how do you feel?"

"Much, much less tense."

"That's good. Come on, time to get up."

A half hour later, a showered and dressed Harry and Gabrielle entered the kitchen, grabbed a traditional English breakfast and some tea, before heading through the double doors into to the dining room.

Unlike the conference/dining room up in the Minister's suite, the large dining room they had been using was set up like a small

cafeteria. They had no idea why so many tables were needed until now. In a room that was empty the morning before there were now about thirty-six other soldiers besides Louis and Tonks, who were both sitting at a smaller table with Fleur. Harry and Gabrielle went to join them.

Harry turned to Louis, "What's with all the soldiers."

"The Bunker is now fully operational, meaning that we will start playing host to a varying number of troops. What you see here is the bare minimum. Those two tables over there," Lafleur pointed twelve soldiers sitting in the far corner, "are composed of the Reserve squad that is usually assigned to the Fort. The rest of these troops are a section, that's the French equivalent to a British platoon, of Aurors assigned here from Paris. This also doesn't count Fleur and Gabrielle's security detail and the regular staff, such as secretaries, maintenance, etc, which is being bolstered by transfers from the Bastille. Right now there are about fifty people in the Bunker, a number that's liable to grow in the next few days."

Harry nodded, "So what's on the schedule today?"

"Well, the good news is that the Underage Magic Exemptions came through this morning for you and Gabrielle so the three of you will be practicing magic today. Harry, you will be with Tonks, since you both know the British styles of magic, while I will take Gabrielle, and Fleur will train with her detail. Any questions?"

There were none. After finishing their breakfasts the group went down to the training rooms.

8:00 AM

Training Room 1

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry and Tonks walked into the training room and she shut the door.

"Okay, Harry, what I'd like to do first is go through a Pensive memory of you in the graveyard, see where you're at and all that. Is that okay."

Harry nodded, as much as he didn't want to, he'd have to face his memory at some point.

"Good."

There was a knock on the door, Tonks went and opened it. Outside was a soldier with a large box. He gave the box to Tonks, gave her a clipboard, which she signed, the soldier then saluted and left. Tonks brought the box inside and tapped it. The lid slid open and a pensive popped out. This Pensive, however, did not look like Dumbledore's. It looked...newer. Tonks then took her wand and pointed it at a 45 degree angle to Harry's head.

"Harry, I want you to think of everything that happened in that graveyard, portkey to portkey. Then we will go through and analyze it. Okay?"

"Okay." Harry thought for a moment, concentrating, "I'm ready."

Tonks touched her wand to his temple and rotated it, before slowly pulling a memory out. She then brought her wand over the pensive, rotated it again, and let the memory fall into the device.

"Ready, Harry?"

No, but Harry took a deep breath and said, "Yeah."

"Good, let's go."

And they both stuck their heads in the pensive.

Seconds later they both landed in the cemetery next to Harry and Cedric with a soft "squelch."

"Where are we?"

Cedric shook his head, "Don't know, did anyone tell you the cup was a portkey?"



"Do you think it's part of the task?"

"Don't know, wands out you reckon?"

"Yeah."

Harry heard something, "someone's coming."

A short figure approached between the two of them with what looked like a bundle of robes in his arm. Then, Harry's scar exploded with pain, his wand slipped from his fingers and he fell on the ground clutching his head

Tonks waved her wand and brought up a 'menu' of sorts, selecting pause. Instantly, the action froze around them

"Harry, describe what you were feeling here."

"Um, pain?"

"How bad?"

"Second only to the Cruciatus."

"And it's concentrated around your scar?"

"Yes."

"And you just noticed it suddenly?"

"Yes."

Tonks pulled out her wand and 'rewound' the memory back to just before Harry started experiencing pain. She then opened the menu again and selected one of the options. Suddenly, several strings of lights spun out of Tonks's wand and settled around the graveyard. One of them settled between the Pensive Harry and Voldemort. Tonks made a hmm like noise, grabbed a pen and notebook out of her robes and made a notation.

"Okay, let's continue." Tonks hit play.

"Kill the spare."

Pettigrew fired, "Avada Kedavra."

Cedric died.

Tonks paused the Pensive again and looked at Harry. He was standing, looking over Cedric's body with a look of shock on his face and tears running down his eyes.

"Harry."

"I, I got him killed."

"No, you didn't."

"Yes, I did."

Tonks crossed her arms under her chest, "Really, Harry, how?"

"I should have moved him, or stopped him, or something."

"Harry, you were ten feet away, in excruciating pain, on the ground. Pettigrew was just feet away, the spell didn't have far to travel. Cedric was a quidditch player, he had good reactions. He made it through the tournament. If he could have moved he would have.

"But he was only here because I insisted we take the cup at the same time and the cup was only a portkey, because Voldemort wanted me."

"Did you know the cup was a portkey?" Tonks thrust her rather ample chest out a bit. She was trying to distract Harry, not that she wasn't attracted to him, but he's married, Merlin it's complicated.

"No."

"Did you know Voldemort would be there to kill Cedric?"

"Of course not."

Tonks put her arm around him and brought him over to a log and sat him down.

"Then it is in no way your fault. Harry, you are a great man, but you can't save everyone. You're not invincible. You're fourteen years old. True, you've been forced to grow up fast, and that is not your fault. That is the fault of the adults around you, of the world you're put in. Cedric's death is regrettable, certainly, but you are no more responsible than anyone else."

Tonks then hugged him, and they sat on the log for a while, before they stood up.

"Ready to continue."

Harry wiped the tears from his eyes and looked at her, "Yeah."

"Good." Tonks pressed play.

8:00 AM

Training Room 2

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

When Gabrielle entered her training room, she found a single desk waiting for her. Louis entered behind her and shut the door.

"Gabrielle, keep in mind that while you are advanced in many areas, you have never picked up a wand in your life. So, to begin, we are going to have a quick review. Mind you, we're not covering everything, just what's useful in combat. We will start with the disarming charm, the incantation is Expelliarmus. There are two versions of this spell, the first is the standard disarming spell. Simply pointing your wand at a target say "Expelliarmus" and the target's wand will be ejected from their hand, there is no visible light for this spell. The second version involves a circular wand movement and a scarlet light. This one will tend to send your opponent flying as well. Any questions?"

Gabrielle shook her head and Louis waved his own wand and made a training dummy appear.

"This training dummy will react the same way as a wizard would. Now, disarm him."

Gabrielle nodded and stepped up to the dummy, drew her 8.5 inch oak wand with Veela Hair core, aimed and fired off an Expelliarmus.

The wand twitched.

"Good job for your first attempt, keep trying."

Gabrielle sighed and took aim again

8:00 AM

Training Room 3

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Fleur stepped into the training room which was pitch black. She immediately fired off a Lumos Solarum flare before diving to the right. As her eyes adjusted she aimed and fired off a series of stunners, disarming spells, and a few Reductos before erecting a shield in front of her.

Fleur noted with pride that she had hit the two enemies before they could recover.

Unfortunately, she had neglected to look beside her. This would have devastating consequences as a bright Avada Kedavra green light hit her in the side.

As the lights in the training room came back up, Fleur looked down at herself.

"Merde!" Fleur's skin was now a very bright green. She looked to her right where "Bellatrix Lestrange" was standing laughing her head off at her.

"You have to be aware of your surroundings more, Ma'am."

"Augustus Rockwood" was getting up off the floor groaning, "Nice hit, Mrs. Potter."

"Sirius Black" (someone really needed to tell the Auror Department that he was innocent) just lay right where he fell groaning, "You can say that again."

"Bella" just rolled her eyes at the two of them, "Okay you idiots, time to get off the floor, let's do another."

11:00 AM

Training Room 1

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

"So, any questions, Harry?"

Harry looked over at the woman that had been acting as his trainer for the last few days. Honestly, he didn't know what to think of Tonks. He liked the young Auror, but at the same time he hated her for putting him through this nightmare she calls 'training.' Yet, the training necessary, not to mention the conflicting feelings he had been having about her of a decidedly more personal nature. Harry groaned and decided to stop thinking; he was starting to get a headache.

"Too many, Tonks, but now isn't the time."

There was a knock at the door before one of the base's soldiers entered and saluted.

"Excuse me, Mr. Potter, Captain Tonks, I'm sorry to interrupt, but you have a phone call, Mr. Potter."

"Phone, not Floo?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who the hell knows I'm here?"

"The call was routed down to the bunker through the Minister's private line."

"So it's Minister Delacour?"

"No, sir, someone called Minister Delacour trying to reach you."

"Well, best go see who it is."

The three of them walked out the door and through a few hallways before reaching a door with a big sign that says COMMUNICATION ROOM- STRICTLY NO MAGIC ALLOWED. The soldier drew his wand and placed it in a cubby hole next to the door along with a couple of portkeys. Harry and Tonks quickly followed suit, before entering.

The room was small compared to the average sized state-of-the art communications room. It consisted of only a single bank of computers and a desk with a phone. The soldier gestured to the desk. Harry picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Harry J. Potter?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Potter, this is the Buckingham Palace Switchboard. Please hold for Her Majesty, the Queen."

AN: Please review! Thanks to those who have!

AN2: Okay, people, Tonks. I'm really not sure what to do with her yet, so she's sort of stuck in a holding pattern. I'd appreciate any opinions you have on her.

AN3: Now for some historical information about Lourdes, France.

Lourdes. France became a famous Catholic pilgrimage site in 1858 following the appearance of Mary to a teenaged St. Bernadette. A spring later formed in the grotto where Mary appeared that was responsible for many miracles. Since then over 200 million pilgrims have visited the 51 hectare site that is home to several churches and basilicas. The Accueils house sick pilgrims that visit the site.

And don't think the route that Fleur had an easy time with her walk. Just that walk over the terrain would be hard, and climbing the Fort's tower almost gave me a heart attack, and I thought I was in good shape.

## Chapter 15

"This is London Calling..."

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Harry J. Potter?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Potter, this is the Buckingham Palace Switchboard. Please hold for Her Majesty, the Queen."

11:02 AM

Communications Room (STRICTLY NO MAGIC ALLOWED)

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry dropped the phone. The loud thud from the bunker's hardened phone reverberated through the room. Luckily, Harry picked the phone back up before the call was connected. Then a voice came over the line.

"Mr. Potter, can you hear us?"

Harry managed to speak through his shock, "Uh, yes, Your Majesty, I can."

"Good, we are pleased that we can communicate. Apparently you can get around magical prohibitions by routing a call through a communications satellite into another country. How are you, Mr. Potter?"

"Um, I'm fine, Your Majesty, how are you?"

"We are fine as well, thank you for asking. We are calling today to thank you Mr. Potter, for the great service you have done for our



country and our people. Not only in 1981, but also more recently and we understand that you are preparing to face Mr. Riddle again?"

"Well, Your Majesty, quite frankly he won't leave me alone for some reason."

"We expect to hear great things from you in the future Mr. Potter and we won't keep you longer. Oh, wait, there is one thing. We have been told Sirius Black left Britain yesterday, the exoneration plan should already be in motion."

"Thank you, Your Majesty, that is good news."

"You're welcome, Mr. Potter. Good-bye."

The line went dead and Harry hung up.

"Wow, I just talked to the Queen."

Tonks rolled her eyes, "Okay, you have five minutes to get your head back in the game and then we have magical training."

The Same Time

Buckingham Palace

London, United Kingdom

The Queen turned to Prime Minister Major.

"We concur with the assessment Supreme Mugwump Dumbledore gave you. Have the Planning Committee proceed with inserting Mr. Potter into Operation Dependence Repatriation as discussed."

Major stood and started leaving before stopping and handing a file to the Queen, "Oh, Your Majesty, there is one more thing. This information was disseminated by the French to all people read in on Dependence Repatriation; it's a series of mental exercises and organizational techniques that should keep ministry wizards from reading our minds."

The Queen just looked at Major and deadpanned, "They can read minds?"

Two Days Later

9:30 AM

Minister's Dining Room

The Minister for Magic of France's Bunker/Safe House

Under the Château Fort de Lourdes

Lourdes, Hautes-Pyrenees, France

Harry, Gabrielle, and Fleur (who was sleeping, just sleeping, with them again) were sitting down to breakfast with Louis and Tonks. They had just finished discussing the plan for the day. Harry would be receiving a lesson on French and International Politics from Gabrielle and Fleur while Louis and Tonks would be on maneuvers with the DMLE. Their nice breakfast was interrupted when a raging bull came tumbling out of the floo. Harry recognized it as Uncle Vernon.

"Why that absolutely ungrateful, stupid, idiotic, mutt!"

Wait, what? Harry turned and looked at the stocky man a bit more closely. It turns out that it was Jean-Pierre Delacour, who seemed to be violating the patent on "Uncle Vernon's Patented Temper Tantrums" (Patent Pending).

Gabrielle turned to her father, "Papa, what is it?"

"It was a simple plan, he was supposed to steal an apple, a damn apple, we even marked it for him, not, not, well, it's best if you read it yourself."

Jean-Pierre handed everyone a copy of the Gazette du Sorcier (The much more reputable, French, magical newspaper) including a translated version for Harry and Tonks. The main Headline seemed to be Jean-Pierre's issue.

Sirius Black Convicted of Public Urination, Exonerated of Mass Murder

By

Luc Dumont

Yesterday, in a surprising turn of events, Sirius Black, the wanted Mass Murderer was arrested after urinating next to an Auror station in Paris. During the trial for said public urination, to which the defendant pleaded guilty, it became apparent, after Veritserum questioning, that Black did not commit the crime of murdering thirteen muggles and Peter Pettigrew that the British had detained him for thirteen years ago, without a trial. The sentence for the urination was a fine of 25 Galleons.

News of Mr. Black's innocence, (of the Mass Murders, not the Public Urination) spread quickly through the civilized wizarding world with official recognition of the termination of the worldwide manhunt coming from the ICW late last night.

The Ministry for Magic of the United Kingdom could not be reached for comment, but said in a statement that, "Black is guilty and will be given the Dementor's Kiss as soon as we get him back," they also promised to continue seeking his extradition.

Mr. Black, meanwhile has been offered, and accepted a position in the French Auror Corps at the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, in recognition of his previous experience in the British Auror Service. Mr. Black will be in charge of operational planning against Lord Imbécile and will be stationed at the same station he urinated outside of yesterday. He has also agreed to assist in overhauling French Prison security.

When asked why he chose to stay in France, the Lieutenant Colonel responded, in fluent French, "It is so I can be closer to my Godson."

Mr. Black's Godson is none other than Mr. Harry Potter-Delacour, who is currently undergoing special training with his wives (see our previous articles, Potter Heir, Delacour Girl Bond, February, 1995 and Potter Heir, Delacour Girl Bond, Again, May 1995) in an undisclosed location in Southern France. Mr. Potter-Delacour could not be reached for comment, but a representative of the Delacour Family said that, "It is appropriate to assume that Mr. Potter-Delacour is pleased with this outcome."

Mr. Potter-Delacour was pleased, "What's wrong, Jean-Pierre, this is a good thing."

"Yes, but your dogfather, um, I mean, godfather is such an annoying man. He will be by to visit later today."

There was silence until Captain Tonks broke it, "So he pisses on one of our stations and I have to salute him? Knowing my luck, I'm going to have an office next to the old mutt."

"Um, Tonks, your office is here."

"For now, Harry, I don't have a permanent office since I'm assigned to your detail. I'm just happy my cousin is out of jail."

"Your cousin?"

"Yes didn't you know, My mother is Andromeda Tonks, nee Black, sister of Narcissa Malfoy, nee Black and Bellatrix Lestrangle, nee Black. What a great family I have!"

Jean-Pierre nodded, "Yes, you have a great family, Captain, now let's get to work."

One Month Later

10:27 AM

Chambers of the Recorder of London

Central Criminal Court of England- The Old Bailey

London, United Kingdom

The Recorder of London, the most senior permanent judge of the Old Bailey looked out at the street below his office. The prosecution's star witness for his next case would be arriving shortly. The case of the Crown V. Dursley was not one that he was looking forward to for several reasons. One the Prosecution's star witness just happened to be a French Diplomat and some sort of James Bond, who had saved Britain but no one could tell him how due to "secrecy issues". Two the Crown in this case was not just some

symbolic gesture but instead was actually the Queen, who had written a brief to include in the case file.

His musings were interrupted by the appearance of several Diplomatic Protection Group Range Rovers being escorted by motorcycles from the Special Escort Group. Clearly, who ever this witness was he got a motorcade that rivaled the Queen, and by the appearance of the people with machine guns and the sound of a Tiger Helicopter overhead, his security rivaled the Queen's as well. The witness was accompanied by two women with blond hair and a third in some sort of military uniform.

A few minutes later his Bailiff came and told him that the parties were ready and he could begin. Everyone rose as he entered the courtroom and took his seat on the bench. He looked over toward the witness and noticed that he had been joined by a fourth woman, his granddaughter. After directing the rest of the court to be seated, James Granger took the opportunity to have a silent, gesture filled conversation with Hermione. The conclusion of which was, "The victim in this case his Harry Potter, yes, that Harry Potter that I've been telling you about. Yes, he is a wizard."

James Granger was a good enough Judge to not show any reaction on the bench, but inside he was thinking, 'Why didn't anyone just bloody tell me?'

Unbeknownst to anyone, even The Right Honorable James Granger, at that moment, the glorious destruction of the Dursley Family began.

AN: Please review, thanks to those who have.

AN2: Anyone who has information or ideas that can help with the trial is encouraged to tell me.

AN3: The next chapter will cover the arrival at the Old Bailey from Harry's Perspective as well as be the official start of Book 5.

## Chapter 16

### Homecoming and the Skirmish of Grimmauld Place

Unbeknownst to anyone, even The Right Honorable James Granger, at that moment, the glorious destruction of the Dursley Family began.

#### Earlier That Morning

8:00 AM

A British Aerospace BAe 125, of the No. 32 (The Royal) Squadron

En-Route to RAF Northolt, 6.2 miles north of Heathrow International Airport

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking, we will be landing at RAF Northolt in about thirty minutes and have begun our decent."

As Harry looked out the window at the steadily approaching ground he reflected on the past month. It had been rough. Harry was put through almost constant spell and combat training. But, it was worth it. He was in the best shape of his life and felt more confident about being in fights. He could now shoot a PAMAS with a reasonable (okay, a lot better than reasonable) degree of accuracy. He also now had lost any qualms he had about hitting a girl. Harry turned to the aforementioned "girl." The newly promoted Chef d'Escadron (equivalent to a Commandant in the French Army, or Major in the British Army) Tonks had been permanently assigned as the head of his protection detail. Louis had to stay in France with Jean-Pierre and Sirius was currently persona non grata in the UK.

Harry honestly didn't know what to do about Tonks. He liked her, she liked him, but he wasn't sure if they were compatible or not. Besides, he didn't want to do anything until he dealt with the issues his bonded companions were having.

Harry looked to the two seats in front of him, where his girls were napping. Harry was getting along well with Gabrielle. Contrary to popular belief they weren't shagging like rabbits, instead, they had only made love (Harry insisted on that term) one time since they lost their virginities.

The problem was Fleur. She seemed to have made no further progress with Harry. Although her bond has settled she still seems uncomfortable around him, as if every experience of physical contact was a battle. While Harry was fine with this, he felt bad for Fleur, who he had started growing close to during his crash course in government, etiquette and common courtesy with her. Intimacy was out of the question, at least until her issues was resolved.

At this point Harry felt the plane start descending. As Harry's experience with aircraft was limited, he didn't realize that this wasn't a normal decent. Instead the plane was executing a "corkscrew descent" that would later become popular following several incidents at Baghdad International Airport after the 2003 invasion of Iraq. The purpose of this was to keep the aircraft inside Northolt's perimeter away from any small arms fire, surface-to-air missiles, or, unbeknownst to the pilots, spells.

The plane landed without incident where it was greeted by five motorcycles, two Range Rovers, and an attack helicopter. As Harry was staring at the helicopter (because it was "cool") Tonks directed the two Aurors that had accompanied them to England to the second Range Rover while Fleur and Gabrielle headed for the first one.

"Do you like it, Mr. Potter?"

Harry turned to see Agent John Smith of the Metropolitan Police's Diplomatic Protection Group, who he vaguely remembered from the disaster of Privet Drive, which brought him back to London today. Agent Smith was accompanied by two other DPG Agents.

"Yes, Agent Smith, I do."

"It's the prototype of the Eurocopter Tiger. Currently, it's on loan from the French Army. They're rushing to produce four more of the things. They want it because a survey of the combined arsenals of England and France show it's got the most resistance to Electromagnetic Pulses, which is what Muggles theorize magic is. Right now it's armed with a 30mm cannon, four 20mm machine guns, and four anti-air missiles. Its job is to engage any Death Eaters flying over London."

"Cool."

"Indeed, Mr. Potter now, let's get going."

They did indeed go. Having an escort work like, well, magic. The motorcade went flying down the A40 and made the 40 minute trip from Northolt to the Central Criminal Court at The Old Bailey in 25 minutes. Harry marveled at how smoothly the motorcade moved. As they approached traffic intersections, two of the motorcycles would leapfrog ahead to cutoff traffic allowing the motorcade to move right along. While they were moving, Harry was briefed on the current situation of Crown v. Dursley.

"Our special advisor to the UK Muggle Government thinks she's secured a sympathetic judge, the Recorder of London, or the most senior judge in The Old Bailey."

"That's good."

Harry was surprised when he found out exactly who the "Special Advisor" was. He saw her as he walked into the Grand Hall. Hermione Granger had her hair done up in a rather severe bun and was wearing a very serious pantsuit.

"Hermione?"

"Hello, Harry, how was France?"

"Um, busy, what are you doing here?"

"Apparently my name came up in some conversation between Minister Delacour and Prime Minister Major about trying to identify muggleborns, squibs and Magic-Aware Muggles in the Armed Forces. So far, we've managed to assemble quite a number, including an entire SAS team."

"Impressive. So tell me about this judge."

"The Right Honorable James Granger happens to be a Magic-Aware Muggle, and my grandfather."

"Oh."



By this point they had reached the courtroom. Tonks silently directed one of the DPG Agents and one of the French Aurors to stay outside and posted the other Agent and Auror inside by the doors to the courtroom. Harry, the girls, Tonks and Agent Smith all took seats on the prosecution's side of the courtroom. It was at this point that Harry looked over to the Dursleys, who had watched him and his entourage come in. Harry could see, just beyond the sneering of their faces that they were afraid. There really was no good way out of this.

The Dursleys were sunk. The only question was how much?

One Super Fast Fanfiction Court Case Later

4:00 PM, The Same Day

A Courtroom

Central Criminal Court, The Old Bailey

London, United Kingdom

The Dursleys ended up having the book thrown at them, well at least as much as the Crown Prosecution Service's Guidelines for Sentencing would allow

Vernon, for his part, was found guilty of assault, child abuse, and threats to kill and sentenced to "indeterminate imprisonment for public protection" with a minimum sentence of fifteen and a half years in the prison of Wandsworth

Petunia played a Marital Coercion defense to some success, for her role in the abuse and neglect; she was sentenced to seven years at Holloway.

Dudley got the least sentence of all. As a juvenile, he was sentenced to three years at Feltham. This was mostly for his actions in the community than toward Harry.

While the prison sentences may not have been as high as Judge Granger would have liked to make them, he did have the power to send them to the worst prisons in London, power that he gleefully used.

Harry was pleased with the outcome, justice had been done (and worse for the Dursleys, the press would make sure that the local papers carried it, after all, Harry never intended to return to Surrey again). Further, the Dursleys would be out of his hair for the foreseeable future.

After watching the Dursleys get dragged away. Harry and the group said goodbye to Hermione and headed back to the Range Rovers. They drove through London, being escorted by the Special Escort Group until; suddenly, Tonks waved them off and killed the sirens on the Range Rovers.

"What's going on?"

"We're on route to the Headquarters of the British-French Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force. It's not like we want everyone to know where it is and we don't want to be followed."

Unbeknownst to them, however, they were being followed, by a bunch of soul sucking creatures, homing in on Harry's Soul.

4:45 PM

Outside the Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

As the Range Rovers pulled into two parking spaces, the group got out and crossed the street. Agent Smith was about to hand everyone a sheet of paper when they felt a sudden, and to Tonks and Harry, familiar chill.

Everyone that had a wand drew one, except Gabrielle. Tonks quickly shoved Harry's wand back in his pocket.

It was then that they saw them; two dementors came around the corner. One flew straight for Harry, while the other one flew toward the closest available target, Fleur. Fleur panicked and dropped her wand before fainting. As the one started closing in Fleur's mouth,

the other was rapidly approaching Harry, who couldn't get to his wand because Tonks had a death grip on his wrist.

Tonks and another of the French Aurors pointed their wands at the threat and shouted, "Expecto Patronum!"

A giant doe and a squirrel charged the dementors sending them flying away. After, they checked to make sure no muggles saw them. Thankfully, only an old lady walking her dog did. She was promptly obliviated and sent on her way. They stood down, but kept their wands out.

Meanwhile, Harry ran over to Fleur, who was starting to come around.

"Are you okay?"

"Oui, you saved me."

Harry looked over at Tonks, "It wasn't me, Fleur." Harry helped her up and supported her as they went over to the rest of the group.

Smith shoved a paper at everyone else. It read, "The Headquarters of the British-French Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force can be found at 12 Grimmauld Place, London." It was written in Albus Dumbledore's handwriting.

Harry was confused, "Wait, what."

Tonks turned to him, "Harry, think about what you just read."

Harry did, and by the time he got to "12" a building appeared in front of them, and they all headed inside.

A certain toad that bore a strange resemblance to a blueberry had no idea that Harry didn't fire a patronus. She was gleefully looking forward to the expulsion order and anxiously waiting for the order to come to snap the boy's wand.

AN: Please Review, thanks to those who have.

AN2: The Dursleys were punished in accordance with the Crown Prosecution Service's Guidelines for sentencing. The three prisons

they were sent to received bad reports for staff conduct and conditions of living during this time.

AN3: The Queen's Flight, or the official flight transport service of the Queen was incorporated into the No. 32 Squadron in April, 1995

## Chapter 17

### The Death and Birthday of Harry Potter

Harry did, and by the time he got to "12" a building appeared in front of them, and they all headed inside.

A certain toad that bore a strange resemblance to a blueberry had no idea that Harry didn't fire a patronus. She was gleefully looking forward to the expulsion order and anxiously waiting for the order to come to snap the boy's wand.

4:45 PM

### Entryway

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

After entering the group found themselves at the point of a wand and a Glock 17. The wand was being held by a French Auror, the gun was being held by a member of Diplomatic Protection Group. There was a turnstile in front of them.

Tonks turned to the Auror and said, "Le feu de le Phoenix," and then took out a magnetic swipe card and swiped it into the turnstile before entering a four digit passcode. Tonks then proceeded through, after which Smith and the other two aurors repeated the process, though each entered a different passcode. This left Harry, Fleur, Gabrielle on the other side.

Tonks turned to the Auror at the gate, "Martin, they are with us, I'll vouch for them.

Martin nodded and let them through.

Tonks turned back to the three of them, "Good, everyone, welcome to the Headquarters of the Joint British-French Magical Counterterrorism Task Force, this way please and watch your step, we're a bit short on space."

Harry, meanwhile, was not going anywhere until he got some damn answers, "Wait, Tonks, I want an explanation. Why did dementors attack us and why didn't you let me handle them?"

Tonks sighed, "The first I have no answer to, merely speculation. All intelligence we have suggests that the dementors are still under control of the Ministry. So, chances are that the ministry either tried to kill you, or tried to bait you into performing underage magic. Which answers your second question. I am capable of doing a patronus Harry, just as Auror Bernard over there is too." Tonks nodded to the Auror with the squirrel patronus, "We were capable of doing it ourselves. Every underage wizard in the UK, regardless of emancipation status, has a tracking spell on their wand known as the Trace. If you had preformed the spell, it would have been detected by the Ministry, who would use it as an excuse to try and get you expelled."

"Well, can the Trace be removed?"

Tonks's eyes widened and she smacked herself on the forehead, "Why didn't I think of that sooner? They teach all the aurors how to do it in emergencies, but we're not allowed to. Yet, I haven't worked for the Ministry for a month. Let's do that now, it'll make everything so much easier."

4:49 PM

Improper Use of Magic Office

Department of Magical Law Enforcement

Ministry of Magic (AKA Illegal Usurper of the Crown)

London, United Kingdom

The Blueberry, also known as the Toad, also known as Senior Undersecretary Delores Umbridge, and the Toad's Toadie, also known as Mafalda Hopkirk were staring intently at a globe that represented Harry Potter's Trace charm, waiting for any indication that he was using magic. They were so close that their noses were almost touching it.

Suddenly the globe exploded sending glass flying everywhere, including into the faces of the "Loyal Ministry Employees." Umbridge turned to Hopkirk in shock, anger, and a profusely bleeding head, "What was that?"

"The sensor exploded, ma'am."

Umbridge rolled her eyes, "I know that Hopkirk, what I want to know is why?"

"There are only two reasons, Ma'am. Either Potter has removed his trace."

"Which he doesn't have the capability of doing!"

"Exactly. The other option is that his magical core has stopped functioning."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning he is dead, or in a state similar to it."

When that statement sunk into her (rather thick) head Umbridge got very big smile and said only one word.

"Excellent." She then steepled her fingers and started doing, what Americans would realize was a very fat impression of C. Montgomery Burns.

Then she remembered the bleeding head wound and ran off to St. Mungo's.

4:52 PM

Hallway

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

After the brief flash of light that jetted out of the rear end of his wand, Harry was feeling much happier and it seemed to be better than chocolate at dealing with the morose feelings everyone had. Everyone was now smiling as if something much bigger had taken place. Even Agent Smith was smiling; at least Harry thought he was smiling.

Tonks was back to her old, pink haired, bubbly self, not at all the serious lady she had been all day. Gabrielle gave Harry a big congratulations hug and pulled him down for a, relatively, quick kiss on the lips. Fleur, however, seemed just as morose as she had been. Perhaps, just a bit less lifeless. It was a release of the tension of the day by all.

"Right then, moving on." Tonks led them up the stairs and down a hallway. As they were moving Harry commented on the headquarters.

"This seems like a rather advanced place you've got here."

"Actually it was one of the most decrepit places in all of Magical Britain a month ago. It's actually Sirius's family home. It wasn't used for many years and not put into proper stasis. So, it took an army of house-elves two weeks to clean out the place, and a week for us to move in. We've only had it running for the past two days." She stopped at a door, with a somewhat familiar sign on it

**ELECTRONICS ROOM: STRICTLY NO MAGIC ALLOWED**

"Well, that looks familiar."

"The French had a lot of input in designing this place."

They went inside where a man was sitting by a computer. After a quick explanation by Tonks, he encoded their ID cards and issued them all four digit pass codes.

Tonks clapped her hands together, "Okay, now that that's done, let me show you to your rooms."

5:50 PM

Office of the Editor



The Daily Prophet

Diagon Alley

London, England

"You're sure about this?"

Delores Umbridge was meeting with Barnabas Cuffe, editor of The Daily Prophet, trying to convince him to run a story on Harry Potter's Death.

"Positive, Mr. Cuffe. The Ministry has confirmed that Harry Potter is dead."

Although, the Ministry didn't really look that hard, after getting her head healed, Umbridge went to the Minister's office and told Cornelius the excellent, err, terrible news. They were explaining away the lack of a body by blaming it on, "subversive groups that supported the former Boy-Who-Lived."

"Well, okay then, this one'll sell out. Damn shame and on the day before the kid's birthday too."

"Yes, truly regrettable," replied Umbridge, while cackling on the inside.

7:00 AM, The Next Morning

Kitchen

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Tonks and Agent Smith were sitting across from each other in the kitchen drinking their coffee. The companionable silence was interrupted by the arrival of a plain owl, carrying the Daily Prophet.

Tonks, still half asleep, paid the owl and unrolled the paper. The headline woke her up better than fifty cups of coffee.

## HARRY POTTER DEAD

Boy-Who-Lived dies from Rogue Dementor Exposure in London

By Barnabas Cuffe- Editor-in-Chief

Tonks flipped open a pocket watch she kept on her that tracked Harry and his Veela. Fleur's hand was pointing to "Sleeping," Harry and Gabrielle's Hands were pointing to "Coitus."

"Agent Smith, you're sure that Harry's still alive, right?"

"Yes, Commandant Tonks."

"Oh, good, I was worried my watch had stopped working."

"Why?"

Tonks passed him the newspaper, when they heard a particularly loud thump. A moment later Tonks glanced back down at her pocket watch, which said "Post Coitus"

"I do hope they're using protection."

"I hope so as well, Agent Smith, The Plan does not involve Harry getting one of his girls pregnant. That would mess up The Plan."

"Speaking of The Plan, how would today's article affect The Plan?"

"I don't know. I have to contact Paris."

8:05 AM

Office of the Minister

French Ministry of Magic

Underneath the Place de la Bastille

Paris, France

"Are you sure?"

Tonks's floating head nodded, "Positive, as far as the wizarding world knows, Harry Potter, and though they don't mention it in the article, Fleur and Gabrielle are dead."

Jean-Pierre started scratching his chin, "Hmm, so now the question is do we refute it, or should we let them think they're right?"

Everyone was silent for a minute before Sirius spoke up, "Minister, we have been presented with a fortuitous opportunity. With the ministry's concerns about Harry now being dealt with they will turn their concerns elsewhere, allowing us to operate in quiet, at least until Voldemort makes his move, which I suspect will be much sooner than we anticipated. I suggest advancing to stage three of the operation."

"Why would Voldemort act faster, I mean he's the only person in the world right now outside of us that knows that Harry's alive?"

"We're going to goad him into it."

It was at this moment that the smirk that Lieutenant-Colonel Sirius Black had on his face turned into the patented "Sirius Black Prank Planning Smirk," or the look that sent the whole of Hogwarts running for the hills during his time there.

Voldemort wouldn't know what hit him.

7:45 AM

Lord Imbecile's Hovel (er, Lord Voldemort's Throne Room)

Unknown Location

Voldemort finished reading his paper before chuckling slowly, "So, they think their savior is dead?"

Voldemort quickly checked the growing migraine at the front of his head. For some reason he'd been getting them from Potter. The fact that it was still there proves that Potter's alive.

"Hmm, so, if he isn't dead, then the ministry wants him dead. But, now that everyone thinks he's dead, the light side will be devastated. Unless, this is a plan of the light side."

Voldemort's migraine was getting progressively worse. So, he went through the stress relieving exercises he'd developed over the years.

He pointed his wand at Wormtail, "Crucio!"

Not that said measures were recommended by a licensed psychologist.

He ended the curse, "Wormtail!"

"Yes, Master?"

"Assemble my followers I want a plan to break my faithful out of Azkaban!"

"At once, my Lord."

9:00 AM

Harry's Bedroom

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Harry Potter did not look or feel dead. Instead, he felt great, relaxing in bed with his Gabrielle in his arms.

"Happy Birthday, Master."

Harry's eyes widened in shock, until Gabrielle mentioned it, he had completely forgotten his birthday.

"Uh, Thank You, Gabrielle, now, it's time to get up."

After showering, dressing, and getting ready they went downstairs where Fleur was sitting, drinking coffee, while Tonks and Smith were

standing at the counter looking over a diagram of some sort. Tonks noticed him.

"Hey, Handsome, you're looking pretty good for a dead guy."

Harry was dumbfounded, "Um, what?"

Tonks tossed the paper at him, "Congrats, Harry, you died, oh and Happy Birthday."

"Thanks, Tonks."

They went over to sit by Fleur who looked up at them and smiled a bit, "Happy Birthday, Harry."

"Thank you, Fleur, how are you today?"

"I've been thinking a lot, that's all."

Harry was a bit confused by this non-answer, answer, before shrugging it off and turning back to Tonks, "What's on the schedule today?"

"High Ranking Death Eater Profiles, followed by your party."

"Party? I thought I was dead."

"Well, thanks to the connection in your scar, Voldemort knows that you're not dead. The only ones we really care about are the ministry. So, we invited some friends from school and from around here to your birthday party tonight."

"But I thought this was a top secret facility?"

Tonks chuckled, "We're not going to tell them where it is. We're just going to bring them here."

"Oh?"

"Yes, it's not like they'll know it's in the basement of 12 Grimmauld Place, just that it's in the basement."

"Cool."

10:30 AM

Briefing/Conference Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

"Next on the list is Bellatrix Lestrangle nee Black. Born in 1958 to Cygnus Black and Druella Black nee Rosier. She has two younger sisters Narcissa Malfoy and Andromeda Tonks. Meaning she's my aunt."

Harry, Gabrielle, Fleur, Alastor Moody (the real one), and, surprisingly, Severus Snape sat around and listened to Tonk's report.

"Tonk's I am not, as the Professor would say, a dunderhead. But, even I know that she's your aunt."

Tonks bushed, "Right, so, Married to Rodolphus Lestrangle, but we think that she's having an affair with Voldemort."

Everyone in the room looked like they'd just eaten something rotten before Moody stepped in.

"Tom Riddle used to be quite handsome; I remember we all hated him because he got the girls."

"Thank you for that wonderful addition, Moody," Snape snarked, "Move on, Tonks, we don't have all day"

"Wand is Walnut and dragon heartstring, 12 & 3/4 inches, unyielding, currently in Ministry lockup in Azkaban."

"And storing the wands next to the felons that used them was who's brilliant idea?"

"I'm not sure Gabrielle, but I agree, it is stupid. Lestrangle is a Slytherin who attended Hogwarts from 1962-1969. Lestrangle is sadistic, particularly on powerless victims. Her favorite Curse, by far

is the Cruciatus, which she can use to great effect. Case-in-point, she was a part of the four person team that Crucioed Alice and Frank Longbottom into insanity. For her crimes she is currently serving a life sentence in Azkaban. She is loyal, only to Voldemort."

Moody added in his part, "Lestrangle's dueling style is erratic, completely unpredictable. She will, however, aim to harm first, kill second. You have to be constantly on your toes around her. Don't fall into a pattern or her witty banter. Constant Vigilance!"

Snape rolled his eyes at Moody's overused motto, "Yes, Moody for the millionth time 'Constant Vigilance!'" He then turned to the group as a whole, "Bella is eccentric, but her knowledge of dark arts is probably in the top four of the Death Eaters. If you can avoid it, don't get captured by her."

Harry was rather surprised by the changes that occurred in the potions professor over the past month. He had become more civil to Harry. Not friendly, by any stretch of the imagination, but he'd stop insulting Harry at every turn. Or maybe Harry just didn't notice it as much.

"Okay, let's move on to Rabastan Lestrangle."

8:00 PM

Basement Party Room/ Training Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Harry's birthday party was in full swing. Some big band music was playing over the wireless and people were chatting happily. There was a large pile of gifts in one corner of the room and a buffet with finger foods in the other. Fleur was slowly roaming around the edges of the room. Harry and Gabrielle were chatting with the Weasleys over their experiences in France.

"Don't worry, Ron, the training was rather boring, a lot of learning about magical government and history. Your dad would be amazed by the muggle technology they have."

Mr. Weasley was currently bending Agent Smith's ear. Harry winked to Gabrielle over the 'boring training' part.

"So, Harry, what's it like to be dead?"

Harry looked around the room and smiled before turning back to Ron, "Actually, mate, it feels pretty good."

On the other side of the room Lafleur was talking to Jean-Pierre Delacour, "Stage Three is now in progress. We've been deploying more troops into Brittan with a particular focus on London."

"Has the Queen been briefed?"

"Yes, sir, I spoke to her over SATCOM today."

"Good."

"Sir, you know the plan involves reading Potter in at this stage of the operation."

"Yes, but we expected that to be months from now. Our mind specialists and Dumbledore are finishing up the Occlumency program for him. Albus will instruct him personally."

"Have they accounted for the connection?"

"Yes, Harry will be able to receive messages, but Imbecile won't be able to take information from his brain."

"Now, all we need is for Imbecile to break his forces out of Azkaban."

"Who knows when he'll do that?"

In a third conversation, Tonks was talking to Sirius, who flew over especially for the event, "I know how wrong it is for someone my age to be attracted to a teenager, but I can't help it. Besides, he already



has two veela, what would he need little old me for. Further, I'm the head of his security detail."

"Tonks, you do realize he is emancipated, and not really a teenager, at least he won't be much longer. I've seen how he looks at you. He's uncertain, he honestly is stumbling blind through this mess. There are two things I want you to think about."

"One, how will Gabrielle react? Two, think about what Fleur is going through right now, if you're going to make a move, don't until she and Harry figure out what is happening with her."

Harry and Gabrielle had left the Weasleys and were now talking to Agent Smith.

"Happy Birthday, Mr. Potter."

"Thank you, Agent Smith."

"No, Happy Birthday, Mr. Potter," Smith handed Harry an envelope, which Harry opened.

Mister Potter,

The illegal charm that prevents you from communicating with us, does not prevent us from communicating with you, at least that is what our experts tell us. We hope this letter finds you well and we wish you a very happy birthday. Enclosed, you will find your gift, a 4,500 pound line of credit at Harrods in London. While we realize that you do not need it we hope you will use this toward improving your wardrobe.

Signed,

Elizabeth II

While Gabrielle let out a particularly loud, happy noise and started discussing what they should buy for Harry, Moody pulled Harry aside and handed him a picture of the Order of the Phoenix, an organization that fought Voldemort during the first war. Harry was interested in seeing a picture of all the people that he had heard about during the history lessons he had on the first war. He was amazed to see his parents were members

8:20 PM

Azkaban Island

North Sea

The infiltrator flew in raven form around the building, looking for the right window. The infiltrator landed on the ledge and pushed through into a room. In one single motion the infiltrator transformed back into human form, drew a large knife and slit the throat of the room's occupant. As the occupant was dying, the infiltrator leaned over and started casting charms. There was a lot of work, but not a lot of time.

11:30 PM

Basement Party Room/ Training Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

As the party was wrapping up, Harry looked around, where was Fleur?

11:30 PM

Fleur's Room.

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Fleur stood on the balcony of her room, taking advantage of the Fidelius Charm to look down at people moving along the street below. She was thinking, about her master, her sister, and herself.

Fleur felt useless. Everything she had done for her master over the past few months was not something only she could do. Everything she taught him, someone else could. She wasn't useful, she was a

liability, a burden. The situation with the dementors had made her realize that. While she was an excellent duelist in practice, the reality of the situation had shown her that she was not good at all. She had panicked and dropped her wand when the dementors came, only saved by Tonk's fast work. Fleur should have realized this before, but she didn't. Her performance in the Tri-Wizard tournament was terrible, from the first task onward, she was a total failure. She could barely handle a dragon, she couldn't save her sister, and she couldn't handle an imperiused Krum. She also was useless in public. Tonight, she panicked and ran out of the room when Arthur Weasley brushed her arm while reaching for the sandwich tray.

Fleur looked down at her arm, now without the glamor charms she usually kept on it. The words that only she could make out, engraved into it with knives. Then the obvious web-like series of lines that crisscrossed her arms, like some sort of twisted art, that were really just scars from an experience that ruined her, that made her useless.

Fleur looked down at her other arm, at her wand. It would be so simple, a quick charm to end it all. Fleur looked back at the street, she needed to think some more.

AN: Please Review! A big thank you to those who have!

## Chapter 18

### Fleur's Tale Part Two and the Flyby Month of August

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She could feel their hands all over her, their lecherous old skin, their slimy evil whispers. She could feel them hitting her, pulling at her, throwing her around like a rag doll. She could feel the cold sharp blade of the knife as it carved a web through her skin, with words written in it: Salope, Putain, Chatte, Gross Vache, Baise-moi!, Nichons, She thought about how she actually liked it at times, about how disgusted she was with herself for liking it.

"Fleur, Fleur?"

11:33 PM

Fleur's Room.

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

In the moonlight, Harry saw Fleur's head jerk as he suddenly brought her out of her thoughts. He looked down her back and saw what he thought was some sort of dress, before looking down further and realizing she was naked. Harry quickly brought his eyes up to her head.

Fleur must have heard him because she sighed, "Come in, Harry."

Harry walked over to the balcony where Fleur was leaning, naked, surveying a London that couldn't see her. He carefully made sure he only gazed at her face, which was clear and unmarred.

"Go ahead and look, Master, really my only use to you is as some corrupted piece of art." Fleur then spun and faced him so he could get a better look.

Harry did. Fleur looked like she was wearing a sheer, invisible, dress of crisscrossing lace, with words written across her body. She looked like an evil version of Charlotte's Web.

"They're permanent, you know. They did it with a dark knife, something that magic and my Veela powers can't counteract." She then began pointing to them and translating them for Harry. Putain on her left arm, "Whore." Chatte, carved very low on her belly, "a rather nasty word for vagina." Grosse Vache, written just above her navel, "Fat Cow, that one made me anorexic for three months." Baise-Moi, written on her lower back with an arrow pointing down, "Fuck me." Nichons, written on her chest, "Tits." She looked down at the last one, Salope, written on her right arm, she started unconsciously rubbing it, "Slut. They wrote this one because...because there were some times that I liked it. That was the worst part for me."

"You didn't like it, Fleur."

Harry and Fleur turned around and looked at Tonks who had just entered the room. "Physically, your body reacted because it's supposed to react. It doesn't distinguish whether or not you want to have sex, just that you are having sex. Mentally, the fact that you reacted made it worse, made it more embarrassing. It is nothing to be ashamed of."

"But, I'm useless, you saw me in front of those dementors today, I practically fainted."

Harry chuckled in a self-deprecating manner, "Fleur, I actually fainted the first time I saw a dementor. As for the rest, I've seen your training, Tonks has as well; what do you think, Commandant?"

"She's good, Harry, she's just lacking self-confidence. Fleur, what you went through is terrible, but the important thing is that you're still here, you survived."

"But, I can't even go to a party without freaking out at someone brushing my arm! And look at me, I'm hideous! I'm not me anymore; I'm just a hollow shell of who I used to be."

"Fleur, you are not, you are still the same person. You still laugh and smile with Gabrielle and me, you still are an intelligent person who knows more about government than I ever want to, and you are an amazing witch, you just need to recognize that. As for your scars, we all have them." Harry pointed to the scar on his head, and rolled up his sleeve to show her the one on his arm. He then realized that this was the make or break moment with Fleur, either he grabbed her here, or he lost her forever. He decided to grab her, literally.

Harry took his right hand and ran it up and down her left shoulder, slowly, tracing the crisscrossing scars that ran over it. He took his left and put it behind her neck, slowly pulling Fleur toward him. Something, whether it be her shock, or the bond kept her from resisting

He gently touched his lips to hers.

Fleur felt as though fireworks were exploding in her head, for the first time in almost four years she felt whole again. The kiss lasted just a couple of seconds, but for Fleur and Harry it was a long moment they would never forget.

Harry leaned in and whispered in her ear, "You are beautiful."

If anyone else had done that, Fleur would be in the middle of a panic attack, but this wasn't anyone, this was Harry, someone she felt so completely that they were almost resonating in harmony. She knew Harry would never harm her. Unlike the rest of the time where she "knew" someone wouldn't harm her, here she knew it.

That night changed her life and Harry's life as well.

The Next Day, August 1, 1995

10:30 AM

En Route to Harrods, Knightsbridge

London, UK

This time as Harry, Fleur, Gabrielle, Tonks, and Agent Smith drove through town the sirens did not wail. Discretion was the word of the day. A second Range Rover followed them while the Eurocopter subtly flew overhead at high altitude. They arrived at Harrods and quickly moved out of the vehicles and into the building. Agent Smith and Harry were dressed in black suits, Harry's was transfigured. The ladies each wore a black pantsuit. They looked more like a Diplomatic Protection Group detail, than the entourage of the Eighth Richest Man in the World. They quickly were met by several members of the personal shopping service which then separated the group into two. The women went up a floor to the womenswear section, the men, stayed on the ground floor and went to the menswear section. While Fleur only had to "update" her closet with the latest fashions, Gabrielle needed a whole new wardrobe and Harry did as well. Suffice it to say, they left Harrods with the Queen's birthday gift exhausted and Harry a few dozen thousand pounds poorer.

4:00 PM

An Interrogation Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter were standing in this room, about to start their Occlumency lessons, but Albus wanted to show him something first.

"You see, Harry, it's a mirror."

They walked out the door and into the adjoining room.

"But from the other side, it's a window. Muggles real are ingenious." Albus turned to face Harry, "This is what we are going to do to your

mind. Your experiences with visions of Voldemort last year shows that you two share some sort of mental connection. What we want to do is make sure that you can observe these visions, but that Voldemort can't look into your mind. You will still monitor the connection, just not be as connected to it."

"So, like a television set?"

"Exactly."

They left and went to an empty room and sat on the floor.

"First things first, Harry, I want you to clear your mind, imagine an empty room..."

This was going to take a while.

August 31, 1995

7:59 AM

Harry's Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

As he moved down the corridor, he could see flaming torches, and the dark door. He didn't will himself to keep moving, or to try to stop he just went with the flow.

**BRRRING! BRRING!**

Harry awoke and started sitting up, automatically bringing his left arm out from under Fleur and using his right to shuffle Gabrielle off his body.

"Harry?"

Harry turned to look at Fleur who was now resting on her shoulder looking at him. Although they hadn't been intimate yet, Fleur had



started sleeping with him and Gabrielle, and cuddling a bit more than she used briefly glanced down to see the crisscrossing scars on her arm before looking at her eyes.

"Did you have that dream again?"

Harry nodded, this wasn't the first time he'd have this particular dream it had been reoccurring for the past month. His newly completed Occlumency training showed him that it was a projection being sent to him by Voldemort. The question though was, why? He mentioned it to the Headmaster who said he'd tell Harry about it when he was "ready."

That was today. Last night, the Professor had said that his training was complete and that today he'd be briefed on exactly what was happening and what "The Plan" was.

He looked back at Fleur, "Come on, time to get up, we've got training in an hour."

9:00 AM

Training Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Harry arrived in the Training Room after getting dressed, ready and having a spot of breakfast. He was expecting to see Tonks, Moody, or even Snape, who had been emulating the styles of various Death Eaters.

Instead, he was met by the short form of Professor Flitwick, who was conjuring various tables and statutes, and bric-a-brac.

"Hello, Harry."

"Professor, I'm surprised to see you here."

"Yes, well, Albus told me you had finished your Occlumency training, so we will have to fill your time with something else. Welcome to Advanced Dueling. Today, we will be discussing and practicing using charms in combat situations. So far, you've mostly been taught spells to cast against your opponent. Now, you will learn to use your environment against your opponent. Let us begin."

The lesson was interesting; Flitwick conjured a target of Voldemort that Harry was supposed to throw things at. Harry banished, summoned, levitated and locomotored things into the statute which Flitwick kept repairing, with occasional shouts of, "Faster!" "Harder!" "More Power!" "Do it again, silently!"

At the end of the lesson he smiled, "Well done, Harry, you will do well in this. Now, here is a book that Albus asked me to give you."

Harry glanced at his watch and realized he was late for his next meeting, he thanked the professor and left. On his way down he briefly glanced at the title of the book and stopped in his tracks.

Epic-Class Dueling and You

How to Defeat Dark Lords like a Professional

And Make it Look Easy

By

Albus Dumbledore, Grand Sorcerer, Order of Merlin, 1st Class

With Commentary By

Fillus Flitwick, Dueling Champion and Charms Master

Minerva McGonagall, Transfiguration Mistress

And

Gellert Grindenwald, Dark Lord (Retired)

August 31, 1995

11:00 AM

Hallway outside the Conference Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

As Harry paced, waiting for the occupants of the Conference Room to get him, he reflected on everything he knew about what was happening.

Headquarters had also been very busy, Professor Dumbledore, besides teaching him Occlumency, was also working on something secret in the "Planning Room". Harry was told that he would be told what was happening when his Occlumency was good enough. Harry had also seen Agent Smith, Tonks, Hermione, and a bunch of other people he didn't know come in and out of that room. They were always discussing, "The Plan," or something called "Operation Dependence Repatriation". But they would always stop when he was around and smile apologetically.

Another two "people" he saw coming and going from the room were Dobby and Winky, along with a whole flood of house elves that were muttering things about "construction" and "covery inserssions." The house elves were acting odd to say the least. The wizards and muggles that accompanied them were even odder. One had stopped and asked him whether he would want an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a Quidditch Pitch, or both. The next week he passed the same wizard who was muttering something about "Wet 'n Wild" and "Helipads and Flak Cannons". Another had him say "open" into a magical tape recorder, in parseltongue.

Just as he was about to turn and pace again, the door opened and the Headmaster poked his head out.

"Harry, we're ready."

With that, Harry entered the room.

AN: Please review, thanks to those who have.

AN2: For those wondering about the Eight Richest Man in the World comment, I took the 1996 Forbes Richest List (the earliest I could get my hands on) and compared the 1.0018 Billion Galleons I gave Harry to the rest of the people on the list. He ended up as number eight.

AN3: You will not find out what happens in the Conference Room for several chapters, so don't ask. But rest assured, all will be revealed!

## Chapter 19

### September and the Coming Storm

September 2, 1995

5:30 PM

Hallway outside Defense Against the Dark Arts Classroom

First Floor

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Hogsmeade, Scotland, United Kingdom

"Oohhhh, I am going to strangle that woman!"

"Hermione!"

"Shut it, Ron! 'Basics for Beginners' is the single worst chapter of every single book I have ever read! Not only that; she's also denying something we all know is true."

"If you mean she's denying what Neville said about Harry—"

"She was besmerhing the good name, and memory of my dear friend, Harry, how dare she!"

"But, Hermione—"

"And she's denying that Voldemort has returned!"

As Hermione continued her rant against Delores Umbridge, she and Ron were joined by none other than Draco Malfoy.

"Well, if it isn't the blood traitor and the mudblood! I wonder if you found today's class as intellectually stimulating as I did. In fact I think that Professor Umbridge is an excellent teacher—"

WHAM! With a 'textbook' right cross, Hermione decked Malfoy, she then proceeded to shout loudly, "If I ever here you use the words

Umbridge and excellent in the same sentence, I'll have your balls for dinner!"

Malfoy gulped and Hermione leaned down to whispered in his ear, "Myrtle's in five, we need to report this."

Hermione then walked with Ron down to the Great Hall so they could eat dinner. As they approached the entrance, Hermione suddenly hit her head with her hand in a mock display of forgetfulness.

"Oh no, Ron, I forgot that I had to go to the library to get a book on the importance of the Second Goblin Insurrection."

"But, Hermione, we're here and I'm hungry!"

"Don't worry about me, you go ahead and eat."

After Ron went in, Hermione backtracked her way to the Second Floor Girl's Bathroom (AKA Myrtle's Office), where she was met by Draco Malfoy.

"So, Draco, was I convincing enough?"

Draco held the thumb and forefinger, of the hand he wasn't massaging his jaw with, an inch apart, "Bit over the top, Granger, and I think you failed stage combat training."

"I just wanted to deck you again."

"That hurt!"

Suddenly a voice came from behind them, "Oh, will you two stop whining and open the damn door already, I'm supposed to be on a date with Cuthbert."

They turned around to see Myrtle, in her ghostly glory, sitting, er floating, behind a desk.

Hermione suddenly put her hand over her eyes, "Ugh, Myrtle, that was way too much information! You and Binns? Ew!"

Myrtle turned to Draco and winked at him.

Draco grinned and gave a mock salute, "Yes, ma'am" before pulling out what a muggle would recognize as an electronic keyfob and pushing the unlock button. A horn like sound beeped twice as series of red lights untop of the sinks blinked. Draco pushed the unlock button again and a hissing sound "Hesshhockk" came out. The sinks split apart and started descending revealing a platform.

Hermione and Draco moved onto the platform and Hermione called out "Chamber Base!"

The platform suddenly descended and the sink closed up again.

A short time later they were in a, much cleaner, outer reception area, where they were met by two members of the French Auror Service who held wands on them, blank expressions on their faces, "Identify."

"Hermione Jean Granger, Senior Special Advisor to Her Majesty's Muggle Government on the Magical Issue."

"Draco Lucius Malfoy, Special Advisor to Her Majesty's Muggle Government on Magical Pureblood Culture and Politics."

Both were holding up their corresponding ID badges.

The guards entered a code on the door and let them through.

The Chamber of Secrets had undergone a complete transformation over the summer. It used to be a rather nasty, grimy, messy lair. Instead, it was now a clean lair that had been turned into a command center. There were no real structural changes done, other than repairing damage from Harry's battle with the basilisk and a thousand years of degradation. Instead, the Hogwarts Base of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force was built within the confines of the original construction. As they entered, the left most wall was covered with weapons and guns of many varieties; the right, covered with the Armor used by the French Aurors.

In front of the statue of Salazar Slytherin was a large computer-like apparatus that was composed of auto writing paper and large mirrors. In the center of the Chamber was a table that was projecting

a rotating three dimensional model of Hogwarts, and the people in inside it.

They walked over to the desk that held the large computer like apparatus and Hermione tapped her wand to the large 42" monitor, er mirror, clearly enunciating, "Headquarters"

The mirror rippled for a moment before revealing a communications room with secretary, chewing gum behind a desk, "Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Taskforce, how may I direct your call?"

"This is Bushy and Slick. We need to speak to Whitehead and Untamed ASAP."

"Whitehead and Untamed are unavailable at the moment, can I take a message?"

Hermione groaned, "Just have them call me back!"

She tapped her wand again, cutting the connection.

"You know, I'm surprised you didn't try to get Weasley down here."

"Did you not notice how I had to keep cutting him off to keep him from spilling even the most basic of secrets? I swear that kid has such a loose mouth."

"Well, you'd know it if he did, Granger."

"Draco Malfoy!"

"What, it's true."

"We are not together and we most certainly haven't done that!"

"Well if your free..."

"Humph!"

"Ahem."



Both of them turned to the small creature known as Dobby currently in his butler outfit.

"If youse be done arguing, then dinner is ready," Dobby gestured to a newly set table for two behind the three dimensional rotating diagram of Hogwarts

"Thank you, Dobby, let's eat, Malfoy, all this arguing is making me hungry."

5:45 PM

Training Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

"Avada Kedavra!"

A bright green light shot toward Harry who quickly conjured a massive slab of marble, which absorbed the curse and shattered.

"Good, Harry, very good, but, not good enough."

"What?" Harry was very impressed with his work; he had just managed to successfully block an AK with a conjuration.

Albus Dumbledore clucked his tongue and shook his head, "That, Harry, is the sort of response I'd expect from Minerva McGonagall, The fact that you conjured Marble, instead of basic concrete, was a nice touch, but it was too plain."

Too plain, those were words that Harry had been hearing all day. It turns out that Epic-Class Dueling was forty percent raw power, forty percent spell knowledge, and twenty percent showmanship.

In the words of Albus Dumbledore, "Being the best duelist in the world is not enough; you must instead be the best duelist and make it look easy."

"Let's try it again from the beginning, this time put a bit of a design into it."

Harry was starting to get frustrated, he wanted to know how to beat Voldemort, not be a stage magician. He decided to confront the man on it, "But, sir, how will learning this, help me to defeat Voldemort. I mean, he's not exactly the type to be impressed by cheap parlor tricks."

Albus snorted, yes, snorted, "While the concept of Epic Class Dueling might have a rather large emphasis on showmanship, it is not 'cheap,' Harry, it is the quality of the magic that makes it work. Besides, Harry, I'm not teaching you to defeat Voldemort."

Harry was stunned, that was not the answer he was expecting.

"Well, not entirely, that is a significant portion of this." Dumbledore deftly flicked his wand twice, creating two chintz armchairs, "Sit, Harry, we need to discuss this."

Harry sat, wondering what brought this on.

"Harry, I am an old man, actually, I just celebrated my 114th birthday last month. I'm not getting any younger, Harry, far from it. My experience with you has shown just how far I've fallen."

"What do you mean?"

"I never should have left you with the Dursley's, Harry. I never should have subjected you to that. I should have told you the truth the moment you asked me why Voldemort tried to kill you as a child. But, I believed myself to be absolutely right and infallible, and that led to my fallibility, and the loss of quite a bit of precious time.

"There will come a time, rather soon I believe, when I will need to step aside. I am not just teaching you to defeat Tom, Harry; I am teaching you to replace me."

"Replace you?"

"Yes, Harry, I am teaching you to be the man that Tom Riddle was supposed to be. If Tom Riddle had been the guy he was supposed

to be I wouldn't be here right now. Instead, I would be relaxing on a beach in the Caribbean and Tom should be teaching this to you.

"In short, Harry, you are the greatest wizard to live since, well, me. Because of the Prophecy, it just means you need to become me faster."

A short time later, Harry and Dumbledore were on the mirror with Hermione and Draco.

"Quite frankly, Headmaster, the situation is terrible. We are supposed to be preparing young people for a coming war, not a bloody sit down with tea and crumpets and Death Eaters."

Dumbledore stroked his beard, "That does sound like Delores's sort of party, Mr. Malfoy, do you agree with Miss Granger's assessment?"

"Yes, I do Headmaster."

"Suggestions?"

"We need someone else to teach us how to fight, someone with practical experience and who commands a certain level of respect."

"You sound like you have someone in mind Miss Granger."

"In fact, I do, Headmaster, Harry."

Harry took this as his cue to chime in, "Um, excuse me, but I thought I was supposed to be dead?"

"This would be a good opportunity to reintroduce Harry to a select group of individuals, obviously they'd all have to sign magically-binding non-disclosure notices, but it'd be good to get his face out there again to a few trusted supporters."

"Very Slytherin of you, Granger."

"Thank you, Malfoy."

"Harry?"

Harry started stroking his chin, "It sounds like a good idea to me Headmaster," he turned back to the screen, "Let us know when you're ready to proceed Hermione, Headquarters out."

Back in the chamber, Hermione was making a list of everything they had to do. Draco was writing it down.

"First we have to get a place to practice, then..."

A small pop announced the arrival of Dobby, now in his Special Operations Uniform, he was smirking, "You need a top secret place to hide from Blueberry Umbitch?"

September 17, 1995

8:59 PM

Office of the Headmaster

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Hogsmeade, Scotland, United Kingdom

The Headmaster turned and looked Hermione, as they were waiting for Harry to arrive, "I'll think you'll be impressed with his progress, Miss Granger."

"I know I will be, I hope everyone else is."

At exactly 9:00 PM and 1 second four people appeared in the room, holding a teapot. As one, three of them rolled away and spun outward, forming a defensive perimeter. The fourth was standing, robes billowing around him like the center of a hurricane, a shield incasing him, a look of restrained fury on his face. After checking to make sure no unauthorized personnel were in the room, he lowered the shield and turned off the billow effect.

"Good job, Harry, nice reaction time on the shield and you held the billow effect through the portkey. Also, the expression was good."

Hermione was speechless, "Wow, Harry, you look like..."

Harry quirked an eyebrow

"Nevermind, let's move, everyone else is waiting already."

Harry took out the Marauders Map and activated it. Harry, Gabrielle, Fleur, Tonks and Hermione started moving through the corridor. They were fine until they reached the fifth floor, Harry then held up his hand and signaled them to run into a hidden passageway they just passed.

Tonks whispered, "What is it?"

"Two sixth year Slytherin Prefects."

"Death Eaters?"

"Unknown."

"Orders."

Harry looked down at the map again, before reaching for his invisibility cloak, "Wait here."

Harry threw on the cloak and watched the map carefully, waiting for them to pass. As soon as they did, he stepped out of the passage and fired off two silent stunners, hitting them in the back with no warning. Harry waved for the rest of the group to come out. Harry then swished and flicked to pick up the two prefects and dragged them into a nearby broom closet. He then nodded to Gabrielle, who quickly caught on and started undressing them.

"Fleur, modify their memories, let them think that they had sex," He stopped and banged his head with his hand, "Wait, they're Slytherin, never mind, have them get to second base and bang their heads on the two buckets."

Gabrielle grabbed the buckets off the hooks and slammed them into the Slytherins heads.

After the scene was set and the memories modified, they closed the door and continued on their way.

They arrived at the room and Harry used his invisibility cloak again, he wanted to make a dramatic entrance, as per page 153 of Epic-

Class Dueling and You. As his girls, Tonks, and Hermione met with the group at the door, Harry moved around behind a column on the Dueling stage and listened.

An annoying Hufflepuff Harry didn't know was speaking, "Granger, you told us we would learn from the best! Are they it?"

Hermione actually smirked, "No, Smith, they're not, they're just his entourage."

Harry noted the entire crowd was looking at Hermione and the Smith boy, time to make his entrance.

"You will be learning from me, Mr. Smith."

As one, the crowd turned around gobsmacked, Harry looked at them genially, with a bit of power, "Reports of my death were greatly exaggerated."

"Hi, Harry." Harry looked over to the fourth year Ravenclaw with long blond hair.

"Hi, um..."

"Luna, Luna Lovegood."

"Nice to meet you."

Ron was still looking at him, in awe, "Harry, you look like..."

Harry quirked his eyebrow.

"Nevermind."

"He thinks you look like Albus Dumbledore."

Luna did have a way for stating the obvious, Harry's robes were different, they were specially crafted to give a hint of a reminder of Albus Dumbledore, while showing stately elegance and youth. That, combined with his twinkling eyes (took him days to get those right, and he still couldn't make them as expressive as Albus's) and a few carefully practiced mannerisms (he and Albus had just started that

section two days ago) reminded people that he was the wizard of the age.

"Well, thank you." Harry turned back to the crowd for a moment, before clasping his hands behind his back and starting to pace. "Today, you are here because you have found the teaching style of Delores Umbridge to be substandard. Many of you are here because you are concerned that you will fail your OWLs and NEWTs without supplemental instruction. Am I correct?"

There were nods all around the room. Smith continued glaring.

"You are here hoping that I will correct that. However, ensuring that you pass your OWLs and NEWTs is not my primary goal. I am here to teach you how to fight, because Lord Voldemort has returned."

Surprisingly, only about half the room shuddered. Stupidly, Smith spoke up.

"Why should we believe you?"

"Whether you believe me or not, is not my concern. I saw Lord Voldemort get a body the night of the Third Task. Dumbledore believes me. As does the French Government and the ICW. In fact, every single magical government in the world, except Britain believes me. So I really don't care what you think!" Harry shouted the last bit, he was sure that there would be people here who just wanted to know his view of the events that night. Harry would not indulge them.

"The next question in your mind is probably something along the lines of 'am I qualified to teach you?' I'll admit that I'm young, but that doesn't mean I'm stupid. Perhaps, a demonstration is in order. Mr. Smith, since you seem so happy to try and take a piece of me, come and join me up here."

Smith did, he was smirking actually, Harry smiled back genially, "Good, now I want you to try and curse me."

Everyone was expecting that Smith would throw a Stupefy or similar spell, so they were all shocked when he threw a potentially lethal Reducto at Harry. Harry, for his part, calmly blocked the spell with a "Protego" and returned fire with three "Stupefies." He then allowed

himself a brief smirk before non-verbally- Rennervating the idiot and helping him up.

"That, ladies and gentlemen is why I am teaching this class. I probably know more defensive magic than the sixth years in the room. I have also gone toe-to-toe with Voldemort more times than everyone except Albus Dumbledore. Now, if there are no more questions, we shall begin."

11:00 PM

Room of Requirement

Fifth Floor

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Hogsmeade, Scotland, United Kingdom

After the last person, (Cho Chang, who was shamelessly trying to flirt with Harry), signed the magically-binding confidentiality form and left, Harry turned around and looked at Gabrielle, Fleur, Tonks, and Hermione.

"So, how did I do?"

Fleur walked up and kissed him, rather vigorously, "You were great, Harry!"

"Hermione?"

"You were one of the best defense teachers I've ever had."

"So once a week then?"

Gabrielle chimed in, "As long as your schedule permits, Master."

"Good."

The four of them walked back to Dumbledore's office, after dropping Hermione off at the tower.



"Gabrielle, just how long will my 'schedule permit' before things start getting to hectic?"

"Latest intelligence shows that Voldemort is preparing to break his followers out of Azkaban. Once that happens, the clock will certainly be running."

"So how long?"

"We will be in Stage Four of the operation by the end of next month."

"Stage Four is when..."

"Yes, it is, Master."

"And then Stage Five?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Gabrielle, are you sure you don't know what it is?"

"No, Harry?"

"Fleur?"

"No one's told me."

"Tonks?"

"Only the Big Three know about it, and they're playing the cards really close to the vest."

"Then one thing at a time people."

October 1, 1995

1:23 AM

A Shoreline near Azkaban Prison

North Sea

Somewhere near the United Kingdom

Bellatrix Lestrange, in all her crazy, no longer attractive glory, kneeled to her "Lord" with the other idiot Death Eaters, "My, Lord, thank you for rescuing us, your humble servants from the torment of Azkaban, so that we may live to serve you."

"Rise, my most faithful servant, tonight we retreat to my humble abode, for tomorrow, we plan for our victory and the end of Harry Potter, the boy who lived."

"Oooh, can I Crucio him first?"

"Of course Bella, someone needs to soften him up."

"He will die, my Master!"

Insert evil laugh here.

AN: Please review! Thanks to those who have.

Omake: Luna Lovegood and the Giant Round Spinning Kawooshing Thing

I've been debating about making this part of the story, but it seems sort of out there and might overcomplicate things. Let me know what you think.

Mid August, 1995

Somewhere in the Amazon Rain Forest

Day 22 of the Lovegood Expedition

Searching for the Ruby Eyed Tree Frog

Luna swing her machete in a might arch, clearing the path in front of her. She was on Day 22 of her first solo expedition. Her father was supposed to be with her, but problems at The Quibbler had kept him away. So here she was, searching for the rare Ruby Eyed Tree Frog (not to be confused with the much more common Red Eyed Tree Frog). She was frustrated, because she had 22 days of no success, and it was starting to get tiring.

She was about to swing again when she heard music in the distance. She followed it and heard it keep getting louder and louder. Finally, she arrived at the strange circle that seemed to be producing the noise. It was beautiful music, epic, with a sense of wonder.

The circle was about ten feet in diameter and inside of it was a smaller rectangle, about the size of a doorway. Interestingly, the circle was spinning one way, and the doorway another.

Suddenly it stopped spinning and made a gurgling like sound, before a loud Kawoosh and an expanding unstable vortex of water. Luna instinctively threw herself out of the way. When she stood up again, the music had stopped and the doorway was filled with water, like a puddle. Luna shrugged her shoulders and stepped through. She arrived in a large round room and had just stepped out of a stone doorway. It was surrounded by people in grey cloaks.

Luna just realized where she was,

The "Death Chamber"

Department of Mysteries

Level 9

Ministry for Magic

London, England, United Kingdom

"Oh, bugger, my ticket's nonrefundable and I left my tent back there."

The puddle evaporated behind her.

"Can you turn this back on, please?"

One of the Unspeakables recovered enough to shake his head, "Girl, no one has ever turned that thing on, until you did."

Obviously, this is a reference to the great Stargate franchise. The music playing is the theme to Stargate: SG-1. If I did use this, then there would be no crossover, just elements of it, (namely giant round spinning Kawooshing things).

Not to give too much away, but the next scene of this Omake would take place on the grounds of Potter Manor

## Chapter 20

### The Arriving Storm and Stage Four Begins

October 29, 1995

8:05 AM

Harry's Room

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

"Hmm, bit lower, right there...Ooohh, yes, that's it."

Harry was currently enjoying the rather tender ministrations of one of his girls. As he comfortably lay on the bed, Fleur was straddling him expertly moving and rotating....her hands...while giving him a back massage.

The fact that they were now, according to the expert analysts and planners, in "late stage three" meant that everyone was trying to cram every bit of knowledge and training possible into Harry before the "merde hit the fan." This was completely wrecking three aspects of Harry's life. His sleep schedule, his "girl time" and his physical stress level.

The morning massages he's been having for the past two weeks solved two (and, if he was lucky, all three of the problems).

Harry woke at 5:45 and did physical training and hand-to-hand combat for two hours before showering, getting a massage and then appearing at the daily briefing down in the conference room in, he looked at his watch, damn, 25 minutes.

If he was lucky he could occasionally catch a bit of a nap, which his girls didn't mind at all, they were happy if he did. These sessions also continued Harry's ongoing objective of teaching Fleur that 'bad touches' could be 'oh, so good.'

Harry must have dozed off a bit, because the next thing he could remember was Tonks knocking on the door before entering.

"Hey, Harry, meeting's in ten."

"Thanks, Tonks."

Tonks clearly didn't hear him, because she was staring at him

"Um, Tonks?"

Tonks looked up from his very nicely shaped bum, "Hm?"

"I got the message, thanks."

"Oh, right, um, okay," Tonks left in a daze.

Harry was still lying down as Fleur grabbed a towel to wipe off the extra massage oil.

"Gabrielle?"

Gabrielle looked up from where she was finishing with his thighs, "Yes?"

"Are you sure you're okay about us not having time to, you know?"

"Shag?"

"Yes."

"I'm fine, Harry, we'll have time for all that once Voldemort gets his act together." Gabrielle honestly didn't mind, she served at Harry's pleasure, not the other way around. Besides, it's not like she was about to explode from her horniness again.

As Harry started getting dressed, Fleur and Gabrielle went into the adjoining office to get their notes for the briefing off Harry's desk. It was a very cluttered desk. While Gabrielle was pulling a few bound copies of older reports off the bookshelf, Fleur was flipping over papers trying to find their notes on the packet that had been given to them last night, "Where the heck, oh, here they are!" Fleur then

noticed a book that had been carefully placed off to one side of the desk. She looked at the cover and her eyes widened.

Bound Pleasure

Dominating Your Witch in the Bedroom and in Life

"What the...Gabrielle, do you see this?"

Gabrielle turned around from where she was skimming Soviet-Magical Relations 1980-1990, "Oh yes, I put that there last week hoping that Harry would get around to reading it. It's a rather good read actually, diagrams are helpful too." As Gabrielle watched her sister, she noted a hint of relief, before Fleur got a humorous expression.

"You do realize that he already completely dominates us and drives our will, right?"

"Technically he does, I'd just wish he'd be a bit more— direct about it sometimes."

"Why?"

"It— stimulates me."

Fleur subconsciously put the book back on the desk, "I'd wish you'd just talk about it. I don't want him to get any wrong ideas about it."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, there's no way Harry would confuse you and me in the bedroom. I'm a lot more adventurous and welcoming than you are. You and he haven't even done it yet!"

"And you've been shagging like rabbits since you got to France!"

Gabrielle was about to reply when the door swung open, "Girls, meeting, now."

Fleur and Gabrielle glared for a brief moment, grabbed the files and followed Harry downstairs to the conference room.

They entered to find Tonks, Smith, Moody, and a variety of people they only knew in passing from the Muggle government sitting

across from the screen which contained Snape, Dumbledore, Malfoy and Hermione. Another screen next to it contained Jean-Pierre, Lafleur, and Sirius.

The two ladies and Harry took their seats as Dumbledore was calling the meeting to order. They picked up the briefing packets in front of them and broke the seal on them.

"Let's begin with the latest counter-assault plan on the target area. Please turn to Diagram 1. Agent Smith, Major Tonks, your report please."

Smith and Tonks stood and gestured to a larger diagram in the room behind the table, so everyone could see.

A Short Time Later, After the Plan was Discussed.

"Moving on, the numbers situation has started to become a serious concern. Auror Moody, your report please?"

Moody stood and looked at everyone, "Please turn to Diagram 2. As you can see by the chart, our numbers are not good. There are currently 100 Aurors on staff at the ministry and 250 Magical Law Enforcement Officers and Hit-Wizards. This is the bare minimum needed to maintain order during peacetime. Our current projections are that about three-quarters of them are Death Eaters, on Riddle's payroll, sympathetic to his views, or would hate us for getting rid of an illegal government, so that leaves us with 25 Aurors and about 65 MLE officers, or not even enough to secure the Ministry. The French have given us 300 Aurors and Auxiliary members. If we want to win, we'll need more to turn the tide."

Dumbledore nodded, "Fleur and Gabrielle, I believe you have been looking into this?"

Gabrielle looked to Fleur who was supposed to start, however she didn't seem to be paying attention. Gabrielle lightly whacked her arm.

"What? Oh, sorry. We've been looking into requesting aid from more countries. France can't do much more without compromising our own security. Ideally, the two we want on our side are the United States and the Russian Magical Government. Getting the United States to assist is not an issue. Both the Magical and Muggle sides



of their government have been supportive of us in the ICW and in direct negotiations at the highest levels. They have promised logistical and tactical support on both sides of the fence. However, they will not act until the Ministry is dealt with."

Gabrielle took over, "The problem is the Russians. While tensions between the Magical and Muggle governments have softened since the Cold War, there are still major ideological issues that have to be worked through."

Harry was curious, "Like?"

"The magical government is at least two generations behind the muggle one."

"So, the population is older?"

"No, generations as in incarnations. The magical government is not the current Russian government. The Magical Government has been stable since 1917."

"So their Soviets?"

Gabrielle rolled her eyes, "No, that's the problem, the current Muggle Russian Federation came out of the Soviet Union, which came out of the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic, which came out of the Russian Provisional Republic, which came out of the Russian Empire.

"The magical government took a different route. In their version of the 1917 October Revolution, the Bolsheviks lost. Their revolution had already taken place. When the Tsar was overthrown, the Pureblood contingent was also overthrown, leaving a group of moderates from all blood classes in charge."

"Okay, so wouldn't the fact that the communists are out of power make things easier."

"They do, but the muggle leaders, especially Stalin, persecuted and killed many witches and wizards, from the purest of blood, to the youngest of muggleborn. Amazingly, there was no interior persecution of muggleborns for 'bringing this on them.'"

"Why not?"

Gabrielle shrugged, "I don't know, maybe they were too busy running from Stalin, Nazis and the KGB?"

Dumbledore nodded, "If we want assistance from the Russians we need to get them to agree with one another. I propose we table it until Stage Five."

Harry raised his hand, "Um, stupid question, but what's Stage Five?"

Albus Dumbledore smirked. Not just any smirk, but the, "I'm Sirius Black and I'm about to reign hell down on Hogwarts," smirk. Sirius, Jean-Pierre, and Agent Smith all echoed his smirk.

"That is not for you to know, Harry, not yet, but soon."

Harry nodded, if Albus, Sirius, Jean-Pierre and Smith were keeping something from him, they must have a good reason.

"Good, now then, meeting adjourned."

Everyone left the room, except Fleur, who was so wrapped in her thoughts that she had barely paid attention. What Gabrielle said this morning hit her hard. It was true, compared to what Harry had done for her, she hadn't done nearly enough for Harry. What Gabrielle said had pulled an issue she had actively avoided to the forefront. While Harry, on an intellectual level wanted their relationship to proceed at her pace, on a baser level, the bond had indicated that he did want her. This left the bond, and her, very confused.

Fleur still wasn't ready though. While she had become comfortable around Harry, she always had a little feeling of discomfort and worry. As she physically got closer to him, this feeling gets worse and worse, until her mind goes blank and she just lets the bond take over.

Except for one time. The night of his birthday party, when he kissed her on the balcony, he pushed that feeling out, it was so wonderful, so amazing. But since then, something was missing. She'd have to think on it some more.

October 31, 1995

5:00 PM

Harry's Office

The Headquarters of the Joint Magical Counterterrorism Task Force

12 Grimmauld Place

London, United Kingdom

Harry was sitting in a recliner, reading this rather interesting book that Gabrielle had left him. He knew it was Gabrielle because Fleur would never leave him a book about...that.

He was just finishing Chapter 6 "Advanced Bondage for the Bedroom" when he was pulled out of his office and dropped into an observation room, in his mind. He knew what this meant; it meant that Voldemort was sending him a message.

The point of view was walking along the cool, dark corridor to the Department of Mysteries. The point of view was moving faster and faster to reach its destination. It walked through the Black Door that swung open before it, then through the room of many doors before walking through two more doors into the Hall of Prophecy. The point of view began moving to Shelf 97 where a shape was on the floor like a wounded animal.

The point of view spoke in the voice of Voldemort, "Take it for me... Lift it down, now... I cannot touch it... but you can."

The shape shifted, before the point of view raised a wand and cast a Crucio. The shape, now a man, let out a scream of pain.

The point of view started laughing, "Lord Voldemort is waiting."

Slowly, the man started to rise, revealing it to be Sirius Black, "You'll have to kill me."

"Undoubtedly, I will in the end. But you will fetch it for me first, Black. Do you think you have felt pain thus far? Think again, we have ours ahead of us and no one will hear you scream."

Harry found himself back in his bedroom and snapped the book closed before running to Communications. The Auror on duty stood as he entered.

"Monsieur Potter-Delacour?"

"Get me Paris immediately and find Colonel Black!"

"Right away, Monsieur."

Harry paced anxiously for the few seconds while waiting for the connection to be made, before Sirius's office appeared on the mirror.

"What's up, pup?"

"You're not being tortured by Voldemort now, are you?"

"No, I'm sitting in my office, why?"

Harry sighed in relief before gaining a determined expression, "Then it's time to start Stage Four, Colonel."

Sirius nodded before signaling to someone 'off camera' and turning back to Harry.

"Acknowledged, we will be ready to deploy in 45 minutes."

The mirror went blank, Harry quickly turned to the Auror, "Page Commandant Tonks, and Fleur and Gabrielle to the Armory please."

"Oui, Monsieur!"

Harry walked down to the Armory next to the training room. He stripped off his Dumbledore based robe and his shirt to throw on one of the new Joint Defense Vests. The vests were made of a blend of Dragon-hide and Kevlar, making it the most powerful defensive vest in the world. Studies done at the French Magical Defense Labs showed that it had a five percent chance of stopping an Avada Kedavra. They thought that within a year or so they could get it up to ten percent.

He put his shirt back on and grabbed a PAMAS from the rack of guns near the door. He grabbed a magazine from one of the boxes

and slapped it into the gun. Harry also grabbed three spare magazines and put them in his pocket, before throwing on the robe again, and casting a glamour over it to make it look a lot more basic. He then waited for his girls and Tonks to appear. They did, all at once, "Where were all of you?"

Gabrielle smiled, "Just talking, that's all. What's up?"

"Mr. Riddle has given the appropriate signal.' We're in Stage Four."

The girls nodded and Gabrielle and Fleur stripped down to their bras to put on vests. Tonks always had one on, so she was fine. They then grabbed two Walthers to compliment Harry's and Tonks's PAMASs. Then everyone got dressed again and walked out into the hall.

They glanced down at stacks of notecards for a few moments before Harry nodded twice and turned off his outer Occlumency defenses to let Voldemort get his point of view.

"Girls listen, something bad's happened Voldemort's got Sirius!"

Fleur's turn, "What? How do you know?"

"I saw it, just like those images, in fact that's where he is. He's in the Department of Mysteries, in a room of shelves filled with globes, row 97."

Tonks mused, "Sounds like the Hall of Prophecy."

"We have to go!"

"Go?"

"Yes, Gabrielle, Go to the Department of Mysteries so we can rescue him!"

"But, are you sure he's there, Harry, I mean, really, it's not like Voldemort can just waltz in to the Ministry of Magic."

"Yes, I am."

"He could be trying to trick you."

"I know. Tonks, but I have to try. I'm going; it's up to you whether or not you want to go."

Gabrielle and Fleur smiled, "Where you go, we go."

Tonks sighed, "Well, your Dad will kill me if anything happens to you, so I'm going."

Harry raises his shields again and nods twice.

"Good Show everyone. Now, how are we getting there?"

"Tube would be best, it's believable, and it'll take long enough for the strike team to get into position."

"Let's go."

October 31, 1995

5:40 PM

Entrance to Department of Mysteries

Level 9, Ministry of Magic

London, United Kingdom

As Harry led his small group toward the black door that led to the Department of Mysteries, he remembered the plan discussed, just days ago.

Tonks started her report, "Upon the appropriate signal from Mr. Riddle, we will begin deployment as follows. Mr. Potter, the Mrs. Potters and I will proceed along Path Alpha to Objective 1, codenamed 'Cheese,' we believe that the majority or possibly entirety of the Death Eater force will be there. Harry will spring the trap; his objective is to stall by participating in Death Eater grandstanding."

And that was what he was going to do.

Harry, wearing his "Harry Potter, Rescue Mission" badge walked in through the open door into the circular spinning room. This room was a clever bit of misdirection. It didn't actually spin, it was a complicated illusion. The doors never moved. While Intelligence reported he could just simply shout out "Hall of Prophecy" that would possibly tip off the Death Eaters. So, they walked in through the Brain Room, making a brief comment about them before returning to the spinning room, marking the door and spinning it again.

They arrived in the Death Chamber, the site of the next battle. Here, Harry made a show of approaching the veil, looking for Sirius, before Tonks dragged him away, back to the spinning room. The next door they tried was the Locked Room of Love, where he blew out a knife, supposedly a gift from Sirius, trying to get in.

Finally, after deciding that they had made enough tracks to show they had "no idea where they were going" they arrived in the Hall of Prophecy and started running toward Row 97, now they were all on edge, they could feel the Death Eaters' presence. They arrived at Row 97, codenamed 'Cheese.'

"He's right down at the end, you can't see properly from here." They started running toward the other end, "He should be right, about, here. Where is he?"

Tonks stage whispered, "Harry, I don't think he's here."

Fleur was 'looking around' while actually looking for the proper prophecy, "Master, have you seen this?"

Harry looked at the prophecy she was gesturing to: SPT to APWBD, Dark Lord and (?) Harry Potter. He reached out to grab it, before Gabrielle stopped him.

"I don't think you should touch it, Harry."

"Why not, it's got my name on it?" It was time to spring the trap. Harry grabbed it waiting, sensing the silenced and disillusioned movement as a Death Eater came up right behind them.

"Very good, Potter," Lucius Malfoy drawled, "Now turn around, nice and slowly, and give that to me."

Harry Potter allowed himself a brief smirk, before turning around to put on a performance that would earn him an Oscar in Hollywood.

AN: Please Review! Thanks to those who have.

AN2: The Battle of the Department of Mysteries will be separated into four chapters. This is the first.

Chapter 21: The Ambush in the Death Chamber and The Race to the Atrium

Chapter 22: The Muggle Blockade and The Only Ones He Ever Feared

Chapter 23: Blueberry Juice and Operation Dependence Repatriation



Chp21